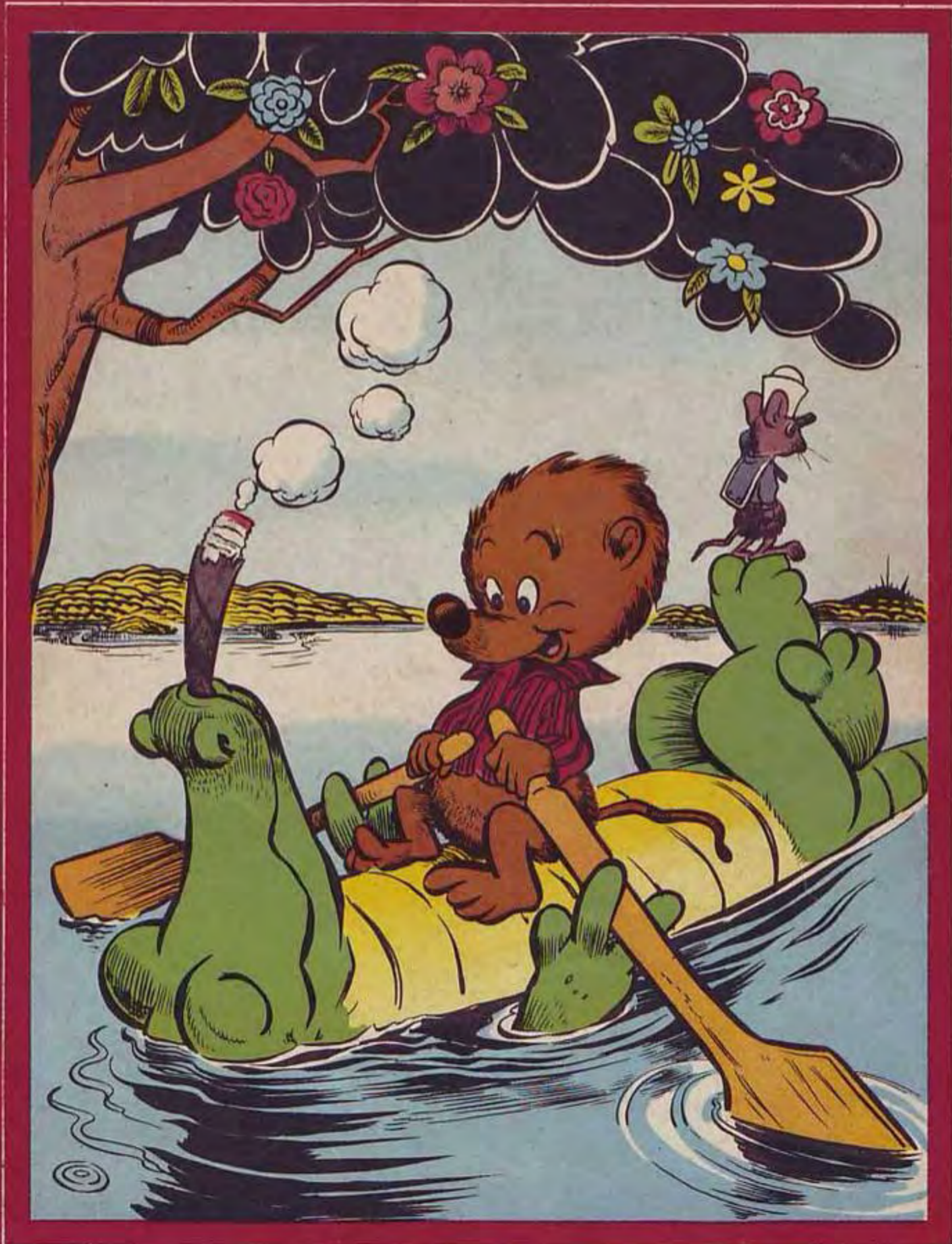


A DELL
10¢
MAGAZINE

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ANIMAL

comics





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Last Call For Lunch



Teddy Bruin was having a wonderful time being naughty. Two hours ago he had run away from his mother while she was taking her noonday nap. Now he could hear her calling for him, away off in the woods.

"She's coming closer," Teddy chuckled, "but I'll fool her again. I'll climb a tree and watch her go poking around in the bushes. Hee, hee!"

Like a toy bear on a stick he hitched himself half-way up a tall tree and sat there. Now and then he giggled as he caught glimpses of Mother Bruin hunting anxiously through the trees. At last she moved out of sight, still calling.

Teddy looked around and made a discovery. Just above his head was a large hole in the tree. At the bottom of the hole lay four pale-colored eggs. The bad little bear made a grab for them and broke two.

He was happily licking raw omelet off his claws when something, as sharp as a knife, struck him on the ear. Mrs. Woodpecker had come home to her nest. She was as big as a duck, with a bill like a dagger. And she was very, very angry.

Teddy let go all holds. He landed—KER-WHUMP!—at the foot of the tree, and bounced away like a four-legged football. "Mama-a-a!" he squalled, as Mrs. Woodpecker's bill pricked him hard behind.

(Continued on inside back cover)



I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY FORTUNE, NURSE JANE... THAT BAD BURGLAR FOX STOLE IT ONCE, AND HE MAY STEAL IT AGAIN.

UNCLE WIGGILY

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WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, WIGGILY?

I'M GOING TO TAKE IT OUT IN THE WOODS AND BURY IT. PACK ME UP SOME CHERRY PIE AND A BAG OF CARAMELS FOR LUNCH.



NOBODY BUT I WILL KNOW WHERE MY FORTUNE IS BURIED.



AHA! THERE'S THE PLACE!



I DON'T SEE ANY BURGLAR FOX PECKING AT ME... I GUESS IT'S SAFE TO START DIGGING.



I'LL MAKE A LITTLE ROOM UNDER THESE ROOTS.



AND I'LL DIG A SMALL HOLE FOR MY GOLD AND JEWELS IN THE FLOOR.



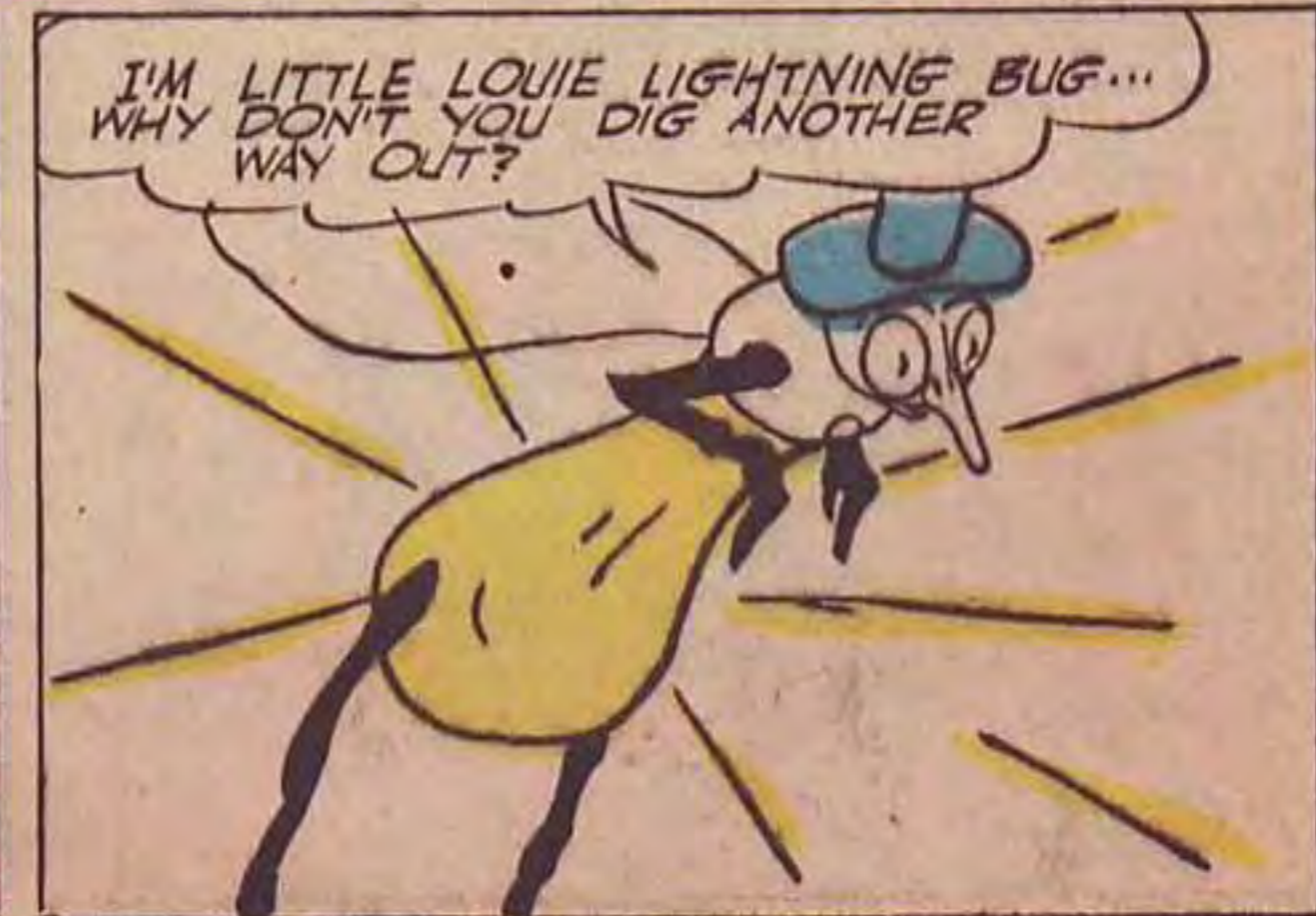
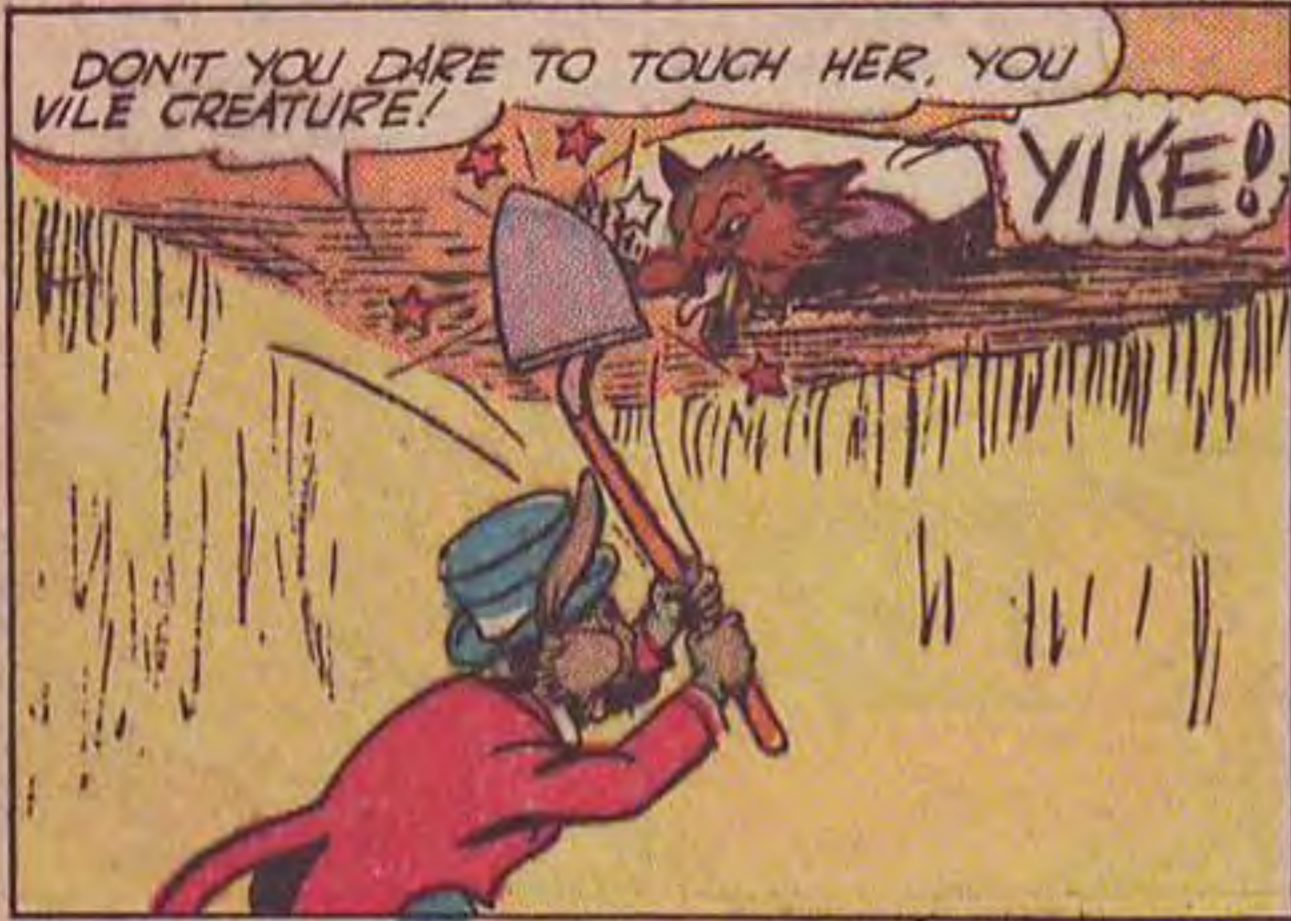
NOBODY WILL EVER GUESS WHERE MY FORTUNE IS, NOW.

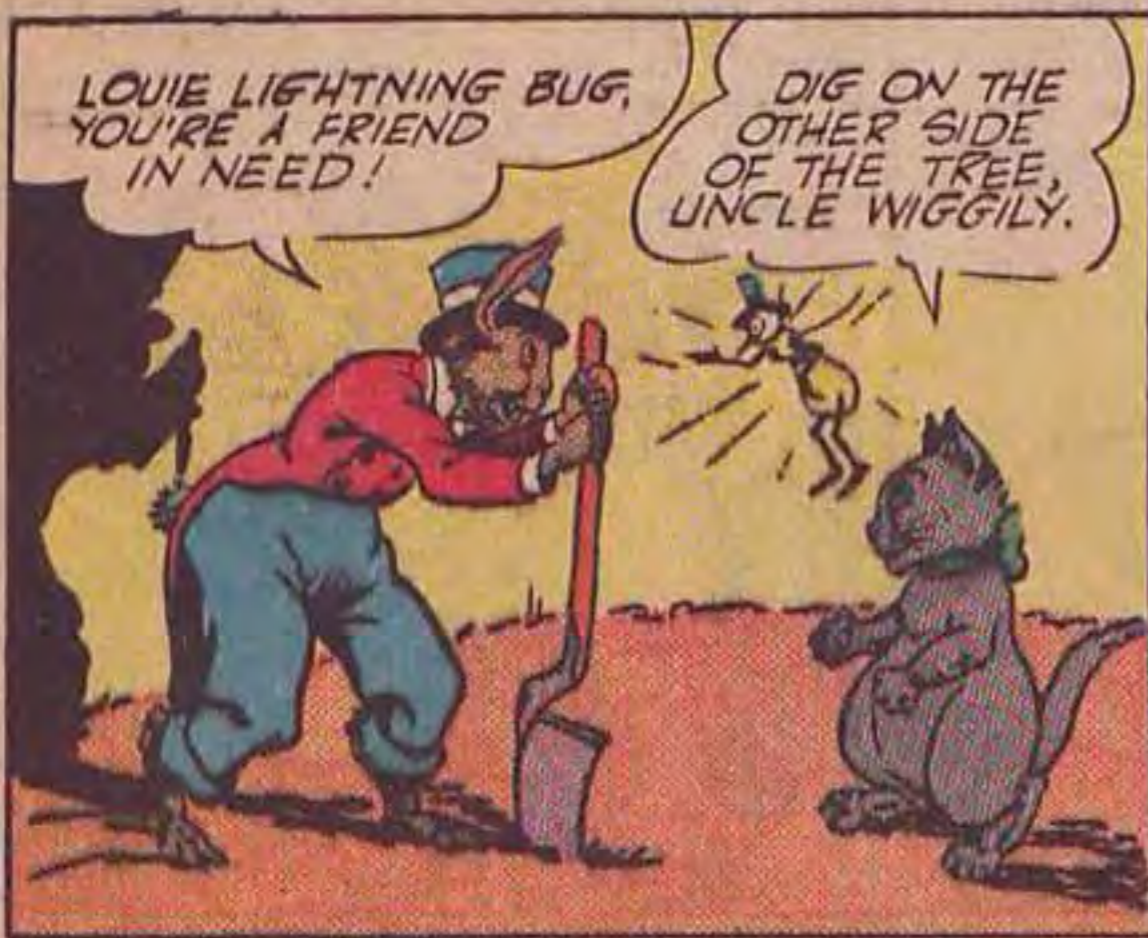


WHO'S THAT?

MEOW!









WAIT! I'LL SEND THAT FOX ABOUT HIS BUSINESS!



JUST TRUST YOUR UNCLE WIGGILY... AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND.

NOT EVEN IF HE EATS YOU?



SHHHHH!



SNIFF, SNIFF! I SMELL RABBIT AND KITTEN AND SQUIRRELS TOO!



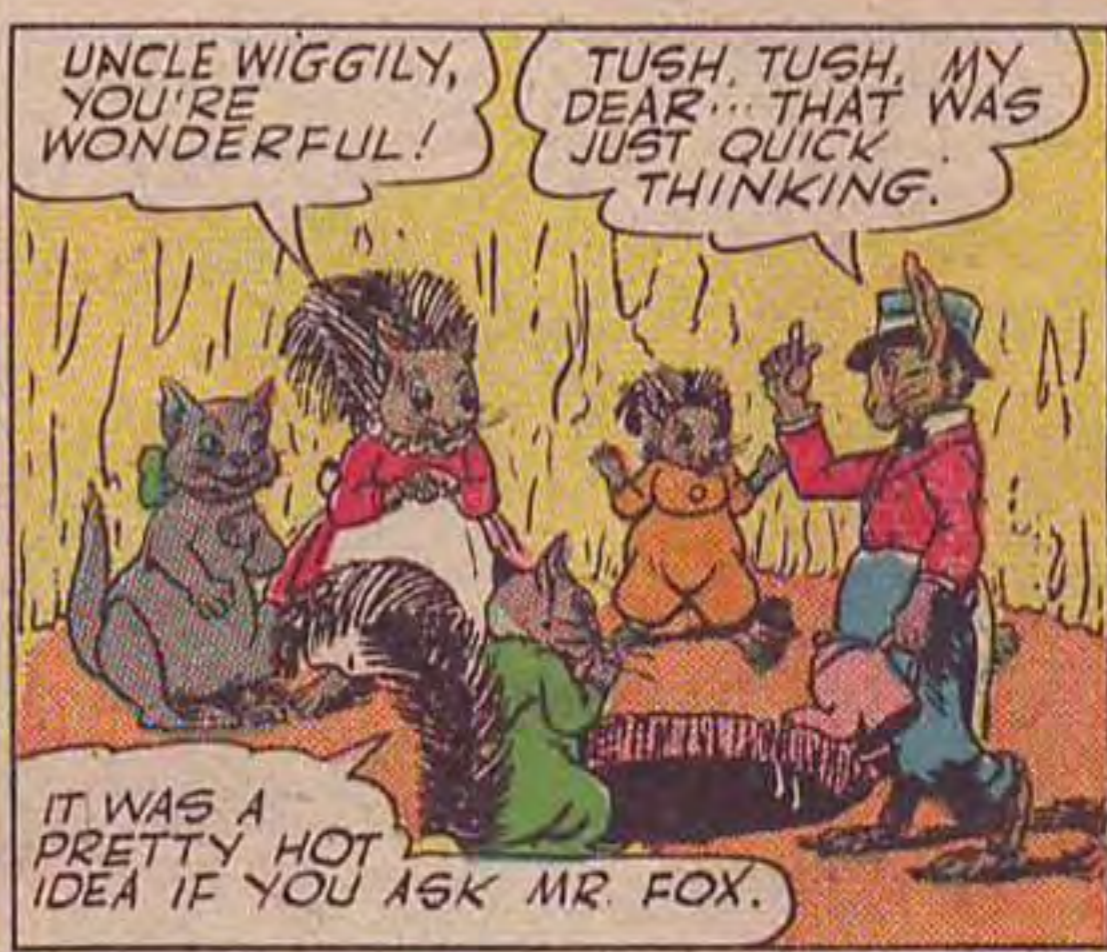
YEEEEEEEEK!!



OH, MY EARS AND SCALP! I'LL MAKE SOMEBODY PAY FOR THIS.



I'LL WAIT RIGHT HERE AT THIS TREE TILL THEY COME OUT... IF IT TAKES A WEEK.



UNCLE WIGGILY, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

TUSH, TUSH, MY DEAR... THAT WAS JUST QUICK THINKING.

IT WAS A PRETTY HOT IDEA IF YOU ASK MR. FOX.



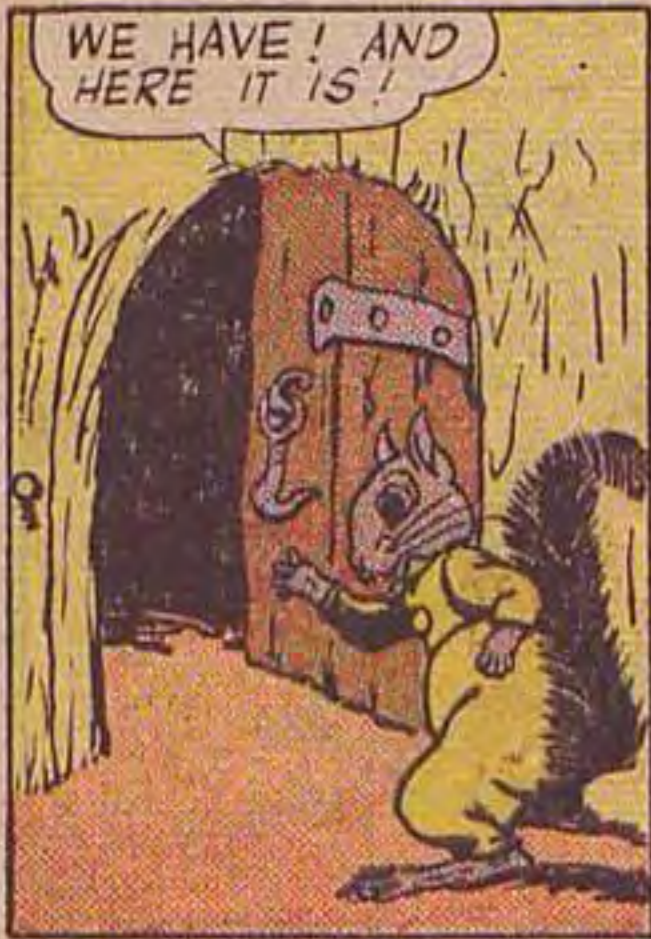
NOW WE CAN FINISH OUR DESSERT IN PEACE.

AND WHAT A DESSERT! HICKORY NUT SUNDAE WITH CARROT SAUCE!



AND NOW, DEAR FRIENDS, WE MUST BE GOING...

THAT IS IF YOU'VE ANOTHER WAY OUT BESIDES DOWN CELLAR.



WE HAVE! AND HERE IT IS!



A WINDING STAIRWAY...

ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP OF THE TREE.



THE BAD FOX WILL NEVER GET YOU UP HERE, UNCLE WIGGILY.

BUT HOW ABOUT US GETTING DOWN?



DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, LOUIE?

THE FOX!



YES, SIR! I'LL SIT RIGHT HERE TILL THEY HAFTA COME OUT OR STARVE TO DEATH.

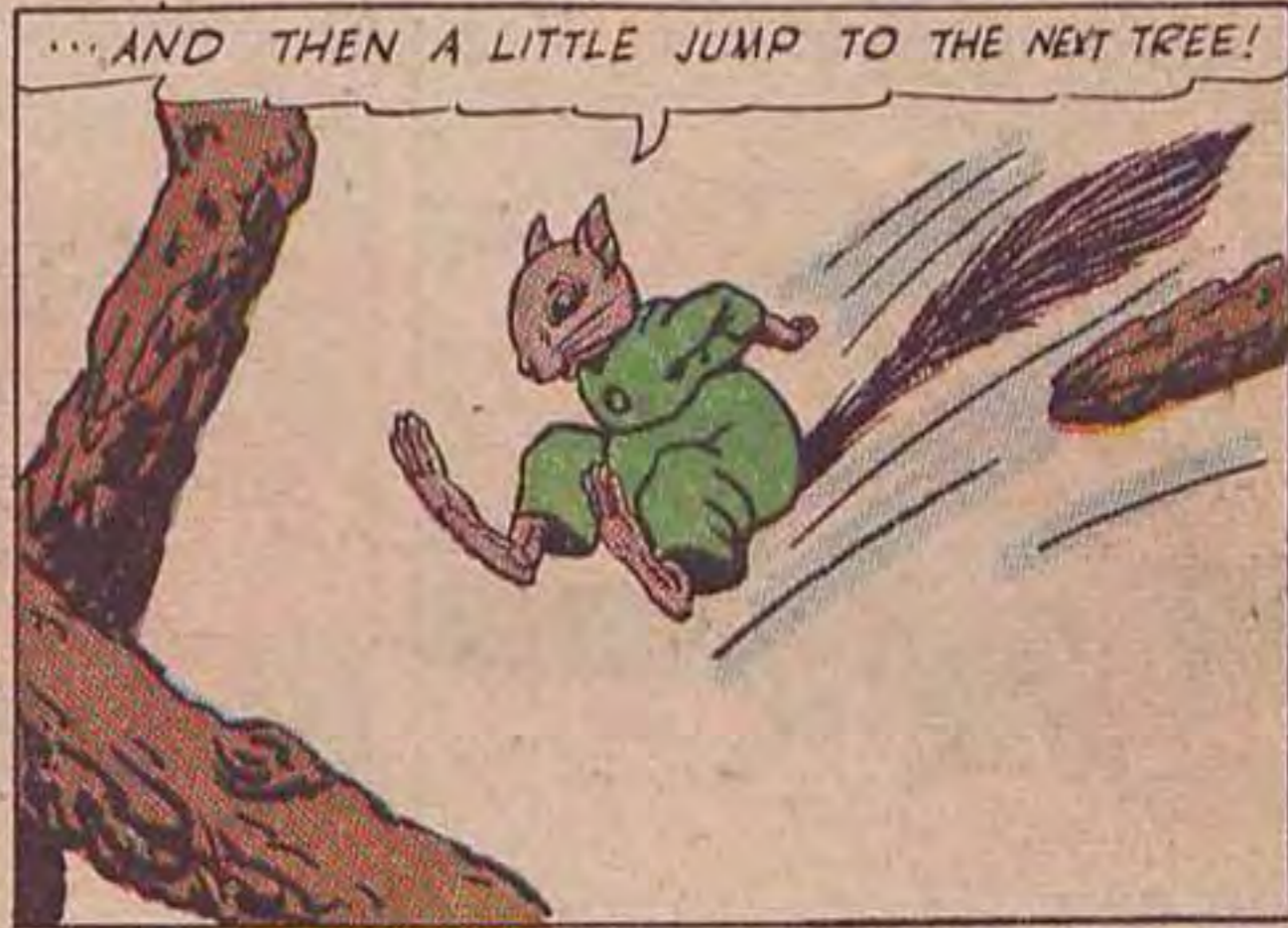


IT LOOKS AS IF HE HAS US ON THE SPOT!

DON'T WORRY! THERE'S ANOTHER WAY DOWN.



JUST TAKE A GOOD RUN ALONG THIS LIMB...

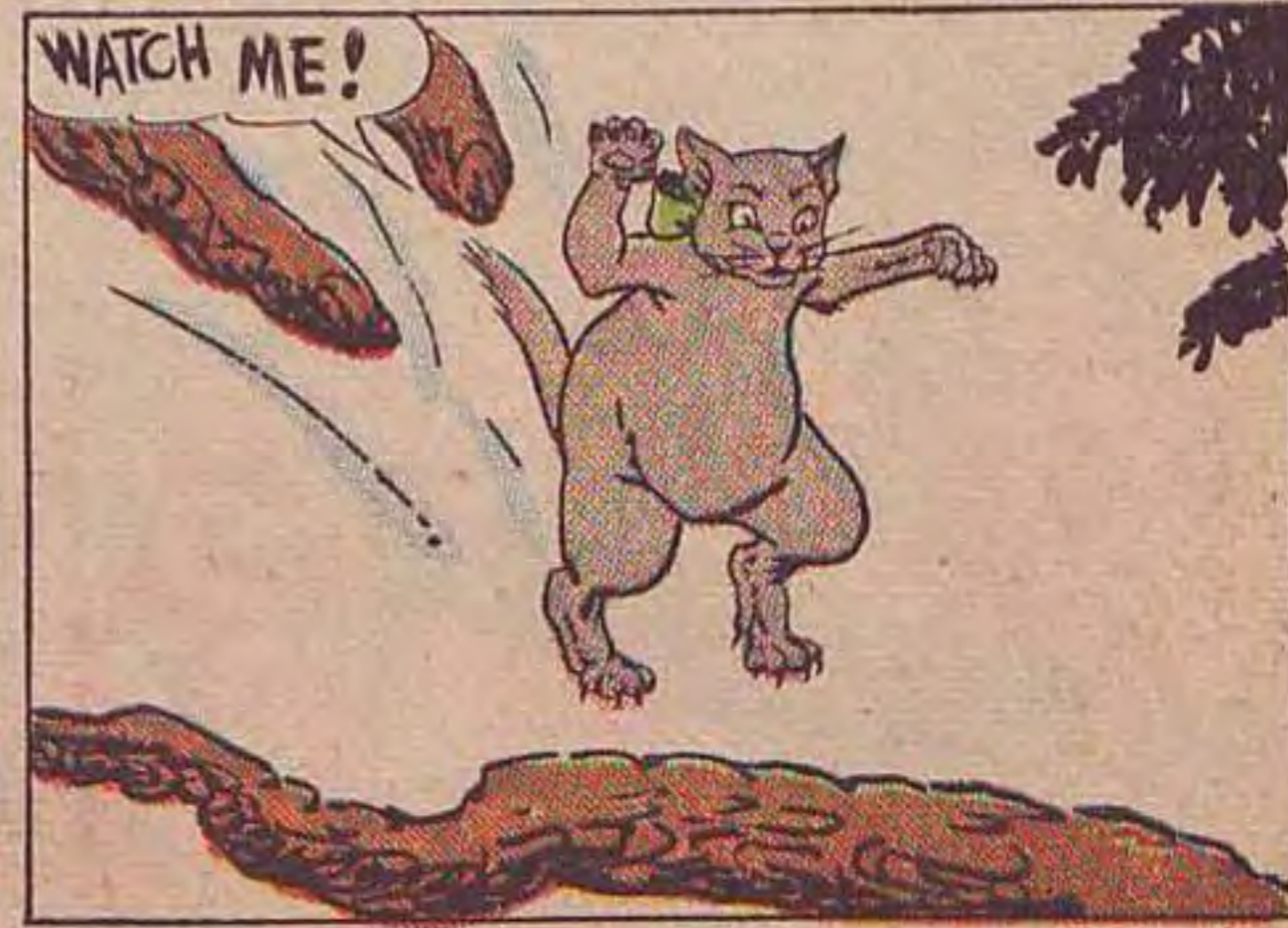


...AND THEN A LITTLE JUMP TO THE NEXT TREE!



I'M AFRAID THAT'S TOO ATHLETIC FOR AN OLD GENTLEMAN RABBIT WITH RHEUMATISM.

OH, IT'S EASY, UNCLE WIGGILY...



WATCH ME!

I DON'T MIND FALLING... IT'S HITTING THE GROUND THAT HURTS.



HELP!



THAT SOUNDED LIKE WIGGILY LONGEARS.



OH-HO-HO! HE'S GOIN' TA DROP LIKE A RIPE APPLE... RIGHT INTO MY HANDS.

SAVE ME!



WE'VE GOT YOU, UNCLE WIGGILY

ARE YOU SURE?



OH-H, WHAT A FRIGHT! IT'S GIVEN ME A SICK HEADACHE.



MY BOTTLE OF NERVE TONIC... IT'S SOMEWHERE IN MY BAG.



OH, OH! AN IDEA! PERHAPS THIS WILL DO ME MORE GOOD

WHAT'S IN THE BAG, UNCLE WIGGILY?



CARAMELS! STICKY JAW-BREAKER CARAMELS.

MAY I HAVE ONE UNCLE WIGGILY?



NO, MY DEAR. THE CARAMELS ARE GOING TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE CHERRIES IN THIS PIECE OF PIE.



NOW IT'S A CARAMEL PIE... CAN I HAVE A BITE?

IF YOU TOOK ONE BITE, MY DEAR, YOU'D NEVER TAKE ANOTHER.





OH, DEAR! THERE GOES MY PIE!



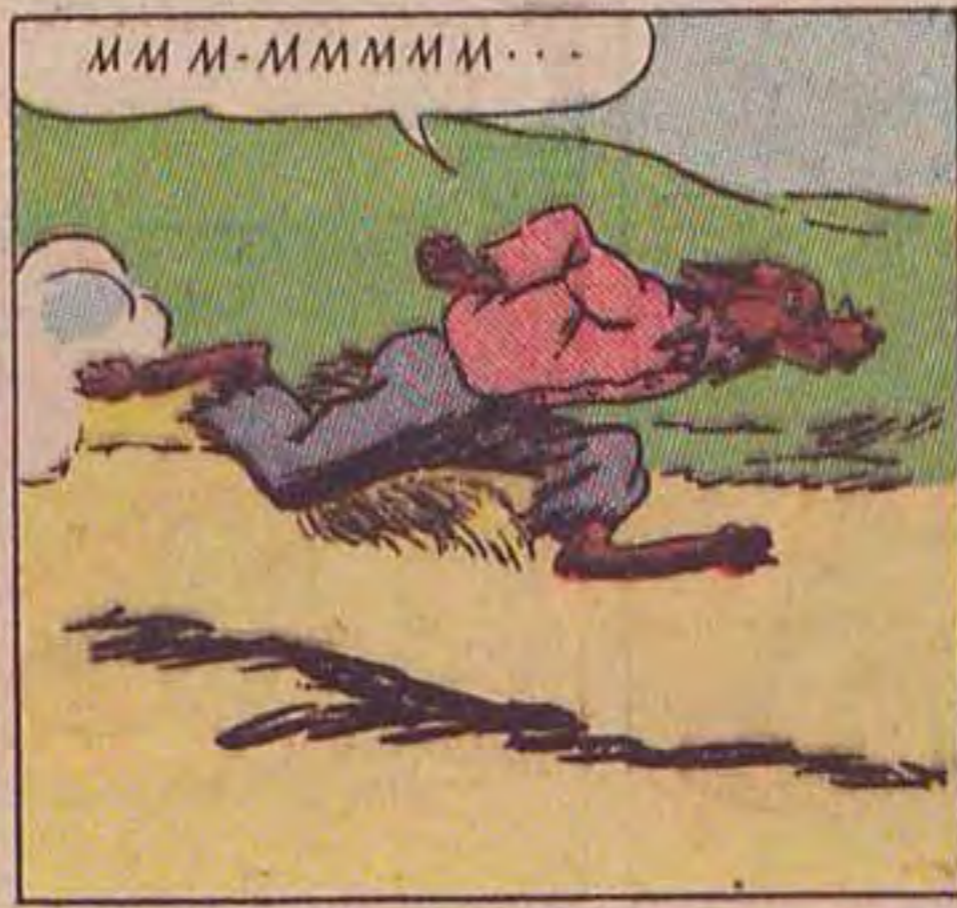
HEH, HEH! DON'T WORRY, UNCLE WIGGILY.



IT WON'T BE WASTED!



NNNG! UNNNNH!



MM M-MMMMM...



HE'LL HAVE TO GO TO A DENTIST TO GET HIS TEETH UNSTUCK!
HA, HA!

HEE' HEE! NOW I KNOW WHY YOU WOULDN'T GIVE ME ANY!

HO, HO, HA, HA, HAW!



HUP! I'M FALLING!

CATCH HIM!



HELP ME HOLD HIM, SOMEBODY!



SOMEBODY GRAB HOLD OF ME!



LET ME GO! I'M NEAR ENOUGH TO THE GROUND NOW!



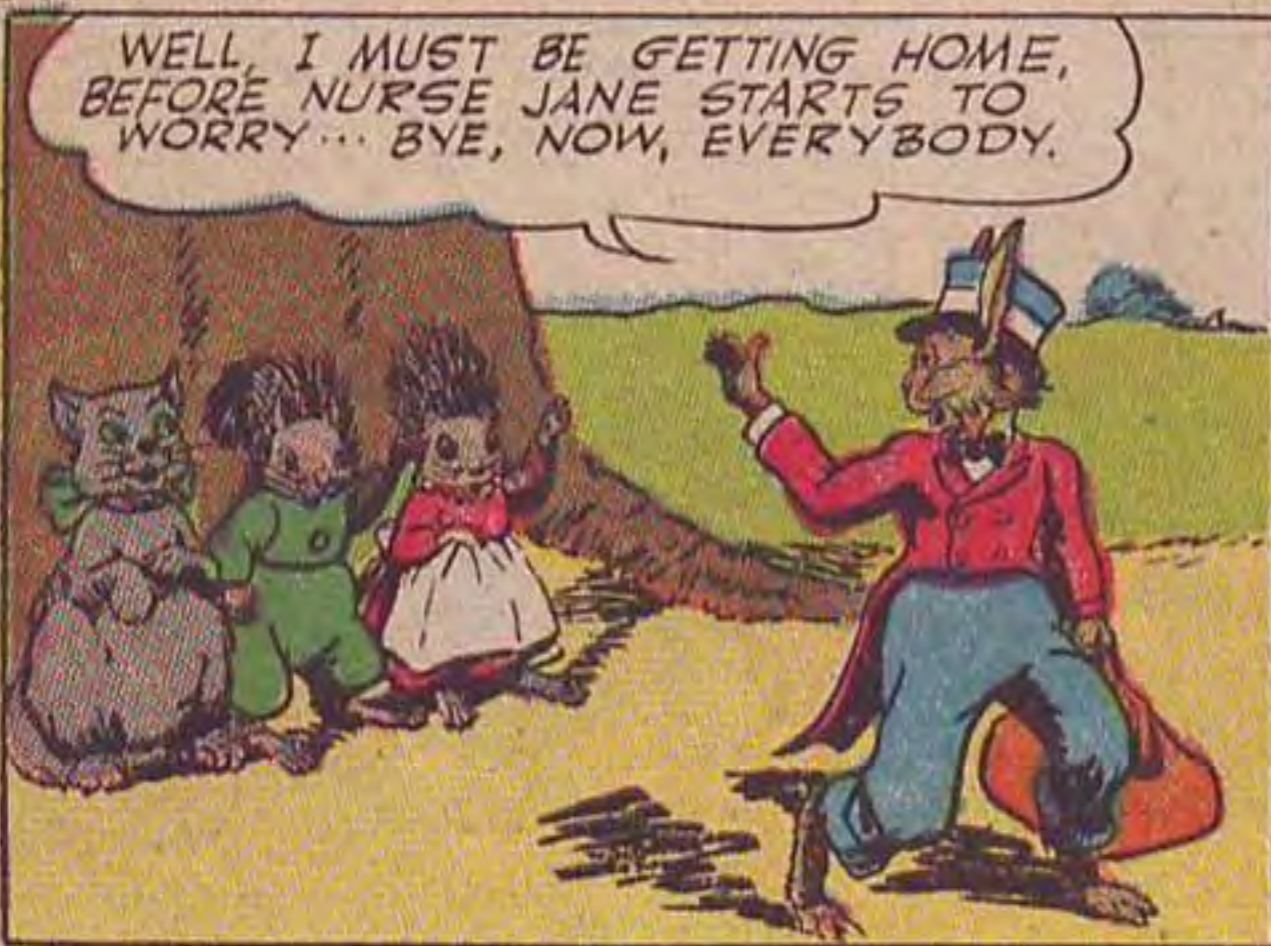
SAFE! - ON TERRA FIRMA!

I'M GLAD IT WASN'T ON ME!

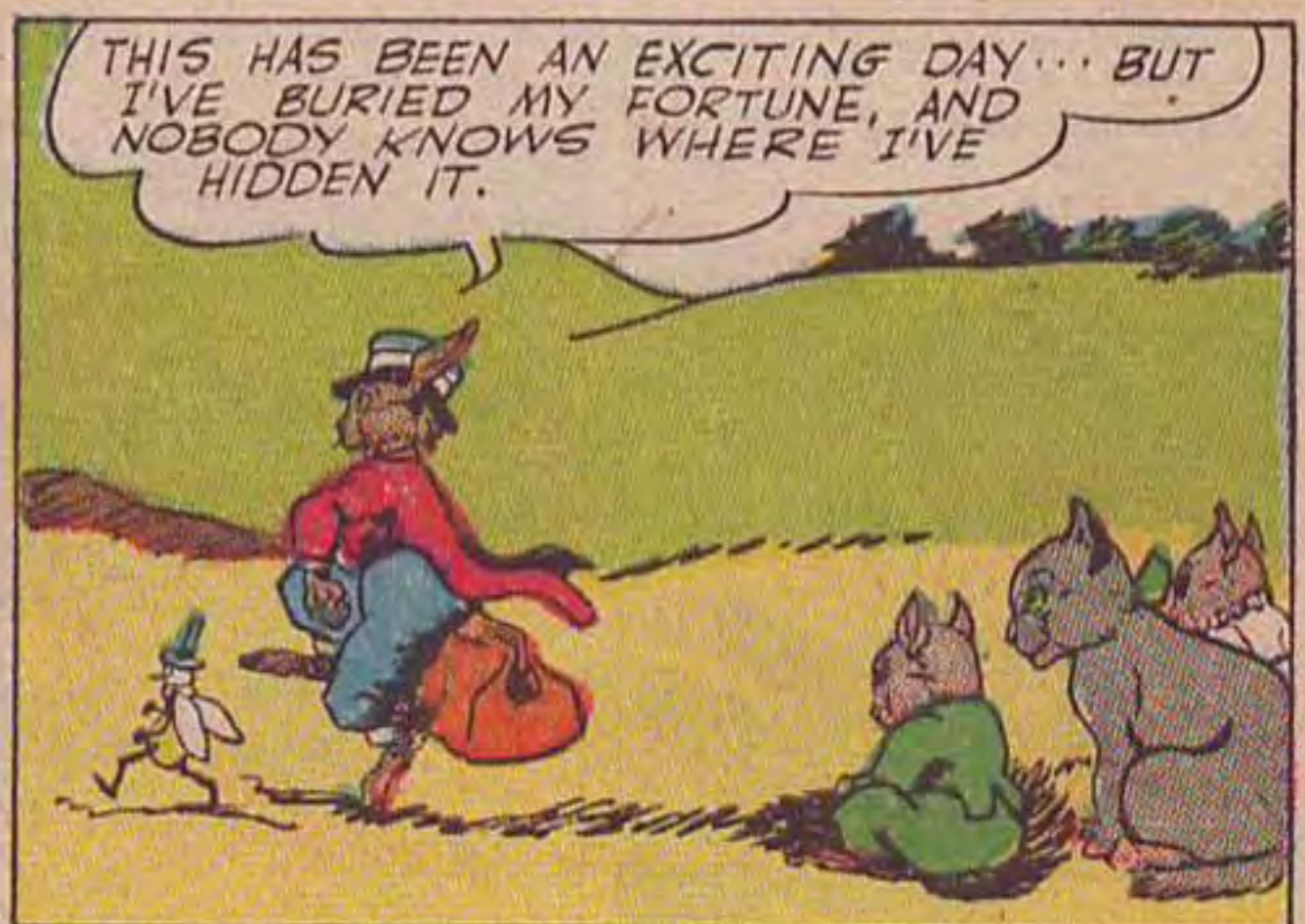


FOLKS! THAT WAS THE QUICKEST, NEATEST RESCUE I EVER SAW!

TEAM WORK, JUST TEAM WORK, UNCLE WIGGILY!



WELL, I MUST BE GETTING HOME, BEFORE NURSE JANE STARTS TO WORRY... BYE, NOW, EVERYBODY.



THIS HAS BEEN AN EXCITING DAY... BUT I'VE BURIED MY FORTUNE, AND NOBODY KNOWS WHERE I'VE HIDDEN IT.



EXCEPT ME!



HUH? WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID, LOUIE LIGHTNING BUG?

I SAID, NOBODY, EXCEPT ME, KNOWS WHERE YOUR FORTUNE IS HIDDEN... I WAS THERE ALL THE TIME.



BUT DON'T WORRY, UNCLE WIGGILY... I'LL NEVER TELL A SOUL!

ALBERT AND Pogo



WE IS NEAR DE PLACE, CHILLUNS... HOLE YOU HOSSES... POOTY SOON US EATS AN' RESTS OURSELVES FIT TO KILL.



HOT DOG! HERE AH IS, COMFY-TERRIBLE AN' HAPPY, WIF HARDLY A CARE IN DIS WHOLE SWEET OL' WORL'.



KNOCK KNOCK

COME AWN IN! AH SETTIN'— AH CAIN'T GIT UP TO 'UNSHET DE DO'!



COUSIN POGO, HERE IS AH— YO' NATCH'L BAWN SECOND COUSIN!

COUSIN MARSUPIAL! YO' IS A SIGHT! FO' SORE EYES, AH MEAN!



COUSIN POGO, AH ALLUS FIGGER A FRIEN' OF YOURN IS A FRIEN' OF MINE AND VICA VERSA.

ABSOLUTE KEE-RECT! US POSSUMS GOTTA STICK TOGETHER.



IN DAT CASE AH INVITES IN MAH FRIEN— COME AWN IN, PERSPY!

PERSPY?



PERSPICACITY POSSUM, DAT'S ME— A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIDDER WOMAN.



IT SHO' IS NICE TO OFFA ME AN' MA CHILLUN A HOME... AH IS PUSSONAL VERY GRATEFUL!

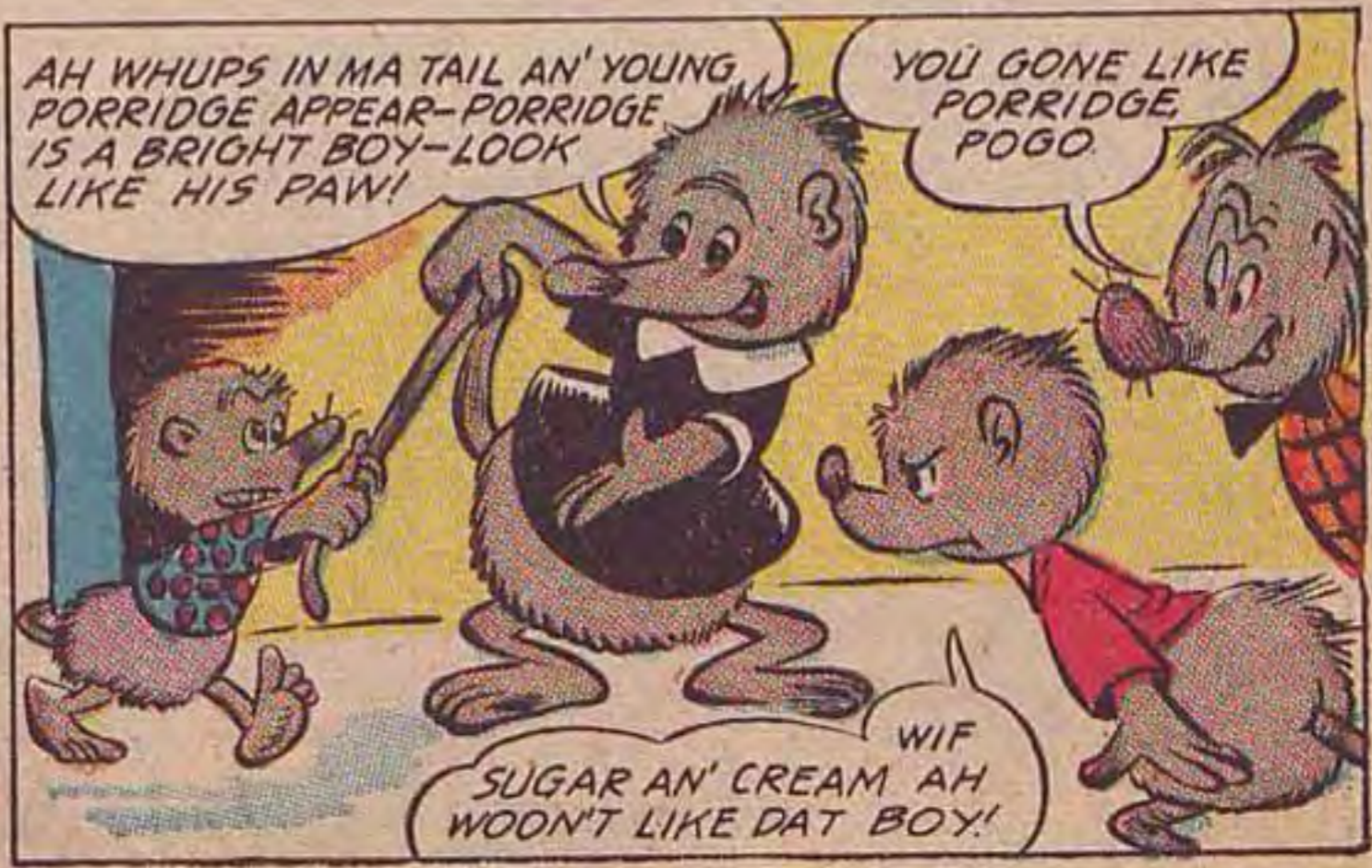
PODDEN ME, MAM?

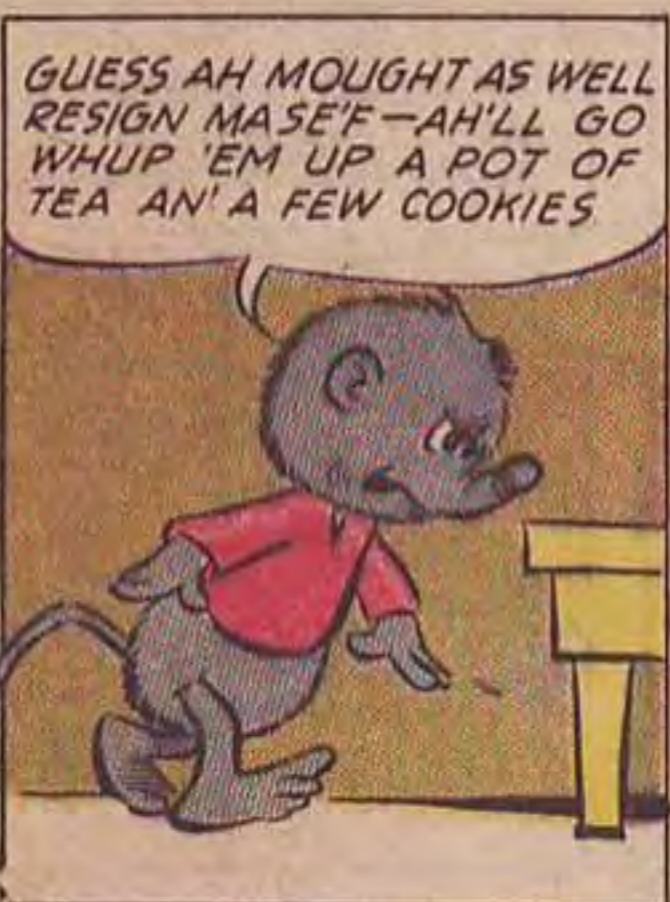
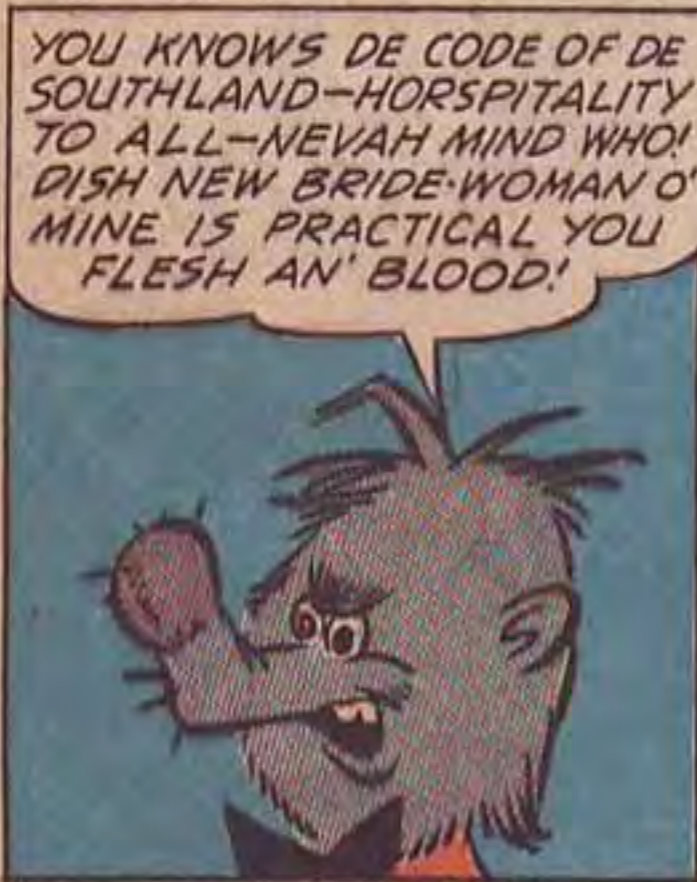
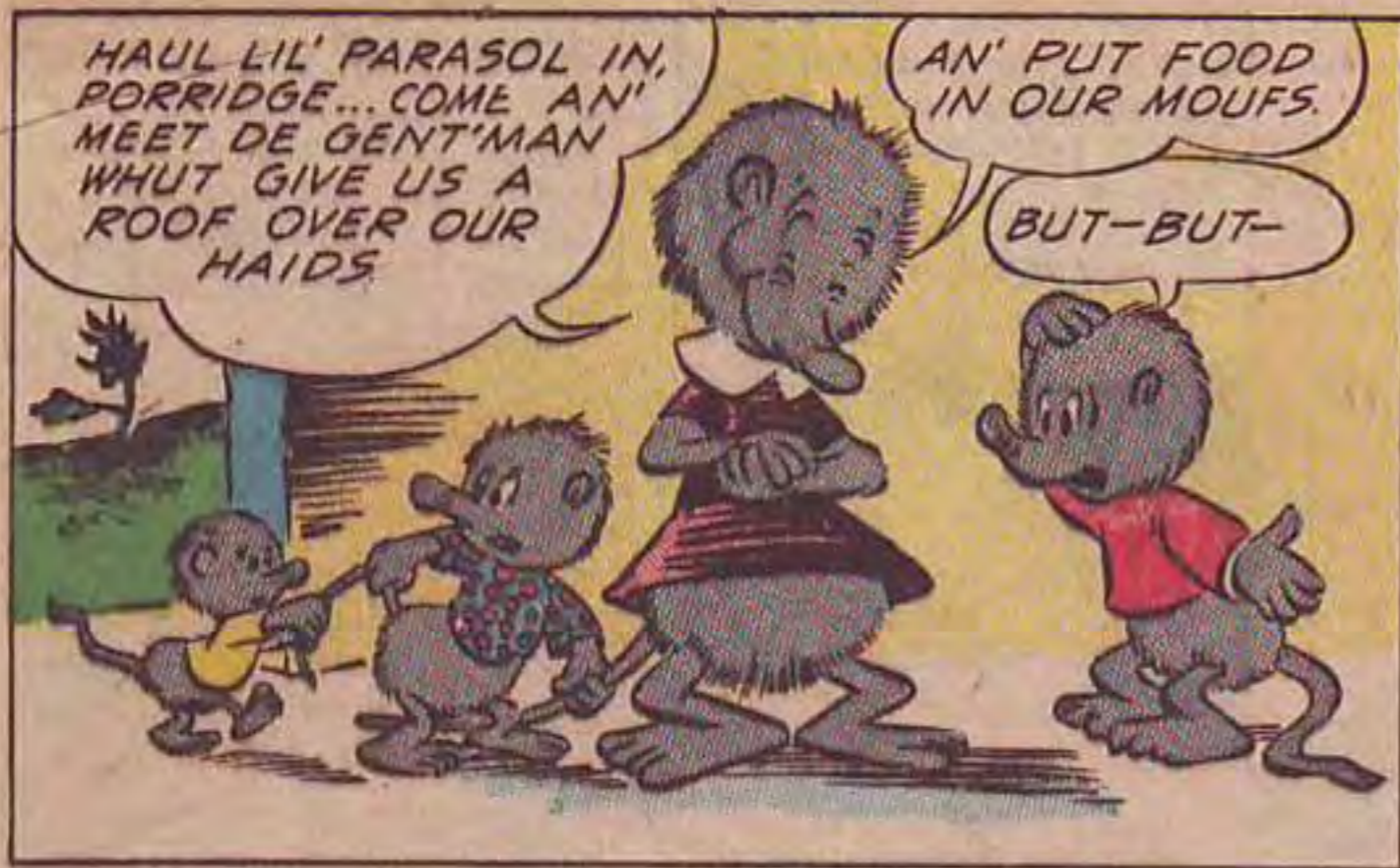


AH WHUPS IN MA TAIL AN' YOUNG PORRIDGE APPEAR— PORRIDGE IS A BRIGHT BOY— LOOK LIKE HIS PAW!

YOU GONE LIKE PORRIDGE, POGO.

WIF SUGAR AN' CREAM AH WOON'T LIKE DAT BOY!







ONLY FING AH GITS TO DO ROUN' CHERE IS LAY IM MA BED WIF A SUFFERIN' FINGAH BONE.



NEVAH DISTURB SLEEPIN' CHILLUNS—AN' DAT'S WHAT AH IS!

KLOONK



DAT SETTLE IT—AH GONE OFF AN' LEAVE DISH PEST HOUSE... AH IS A LONG-SUFFERIN' MAN, AN' PATIENT TO BOOT, BUT DISH YERE IS TOO MUCH!



AN' JES' TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE AH GONE DISGUISE MASELF.



WHEN DEY MOVES AH COMES BACK AN FOOMERGATES DE PLACE



G'BYE, ALBERT.

G'BYE.



GOODBYE? SHECKS, AH DIDN'T NEVAH SEEN DAT BOY BEFO' IN MA LIFE!



MA SAKES, MEBBE AH IS SEEIN FINGS!



H'LO, POGO!

UMPF!



POGO? DAT BOY MUS' BE SHRINKIN'!



SUMPIN'S WRONG!

DIN'T SEE POGO, HUH, PARASOL?

NOPE! AH IS GOIN' BACK.



HEY, POGO, WHAT'S GOIN' ON? SAY, YOU IS GETTIN' SMALLER!

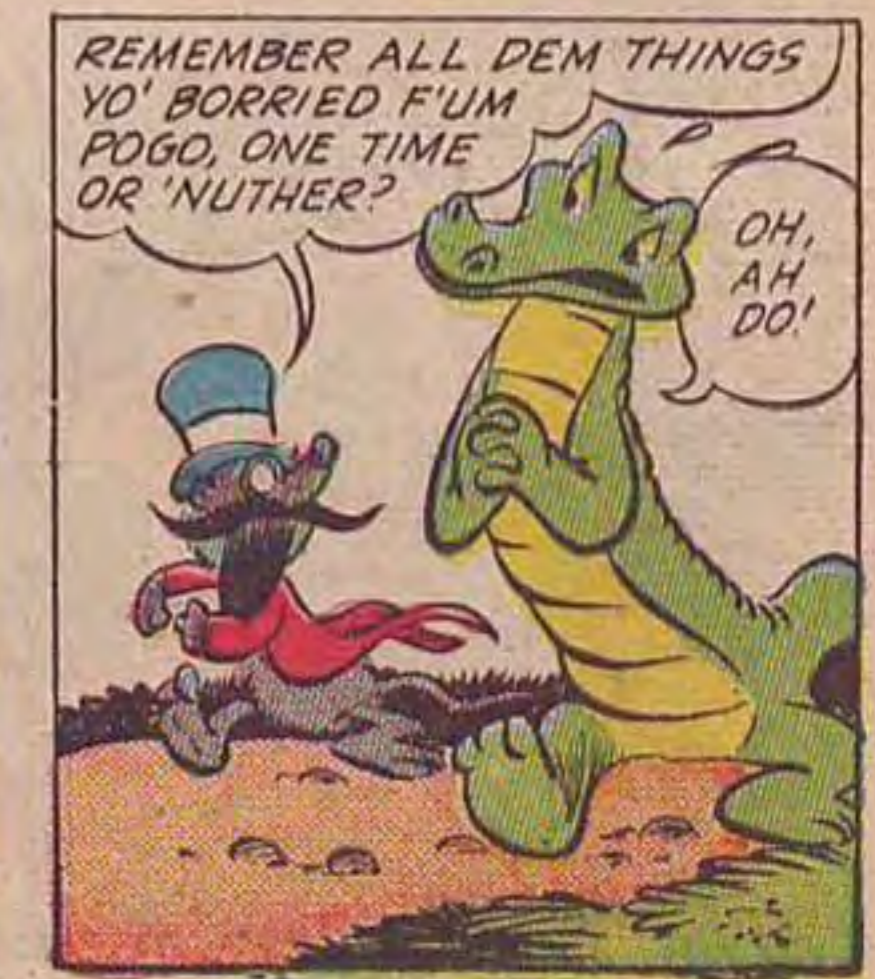


SPEAK TO ME, POGO! HOW COME YOU IS SHRINKIN'?



AH DON'T SPEAK TO STRANGERS!

PLINK





NOW DERE WAS A FISHIN' REEL,
A OL' ROWBOAT, TWO
JARS OF HARD
CANDY, A PICTURE
OF SAVANNAH
'FO' DE WAH,
AND FO'
HUNDRED
DRIED OFF
BUSTERFLY
WINGS.

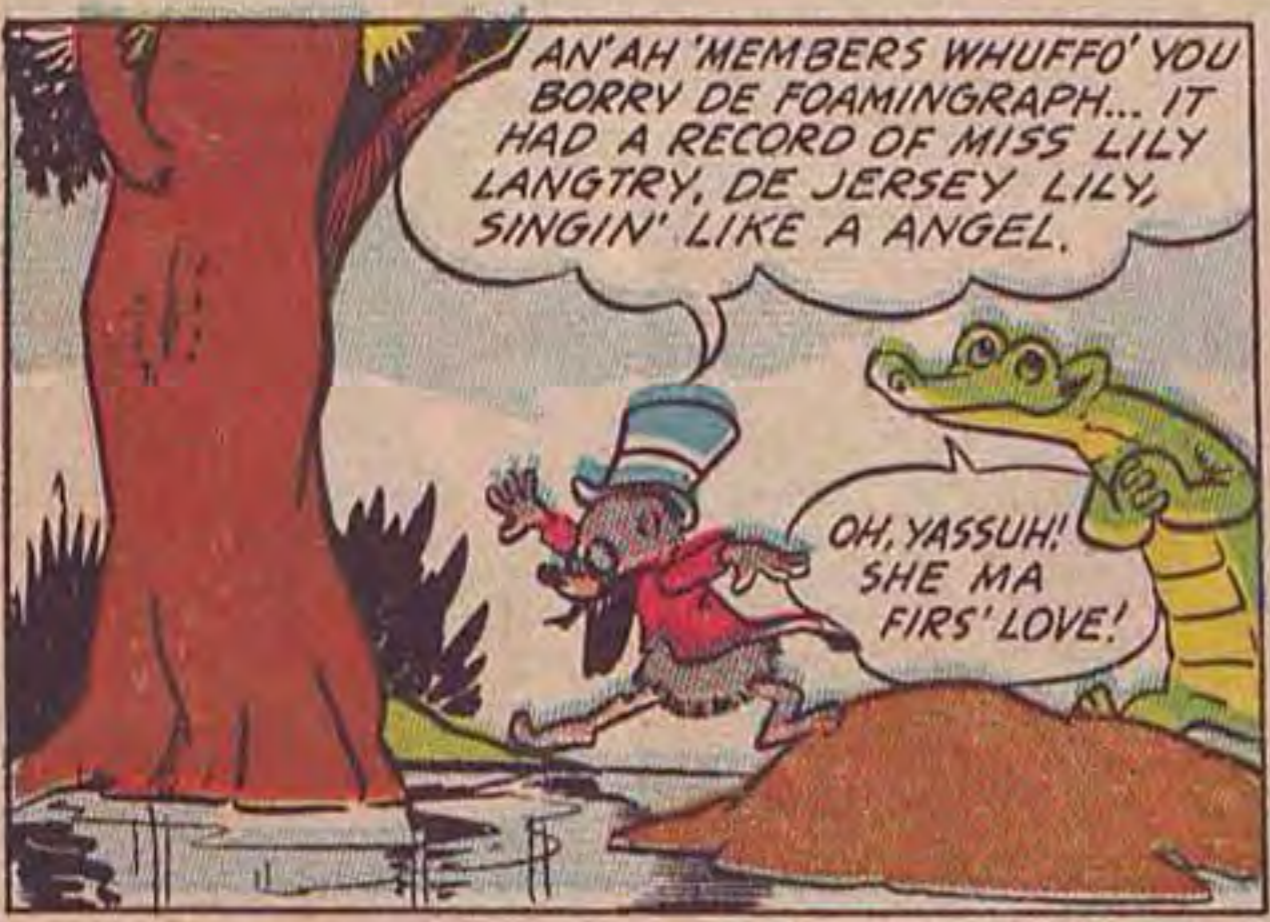
MAN,
YOU IS
A MIND
READER!



ALSO, DEY WAS A
FOAMINGRAPH
WIF RECORDS
AN' A
LONG
MOWER!

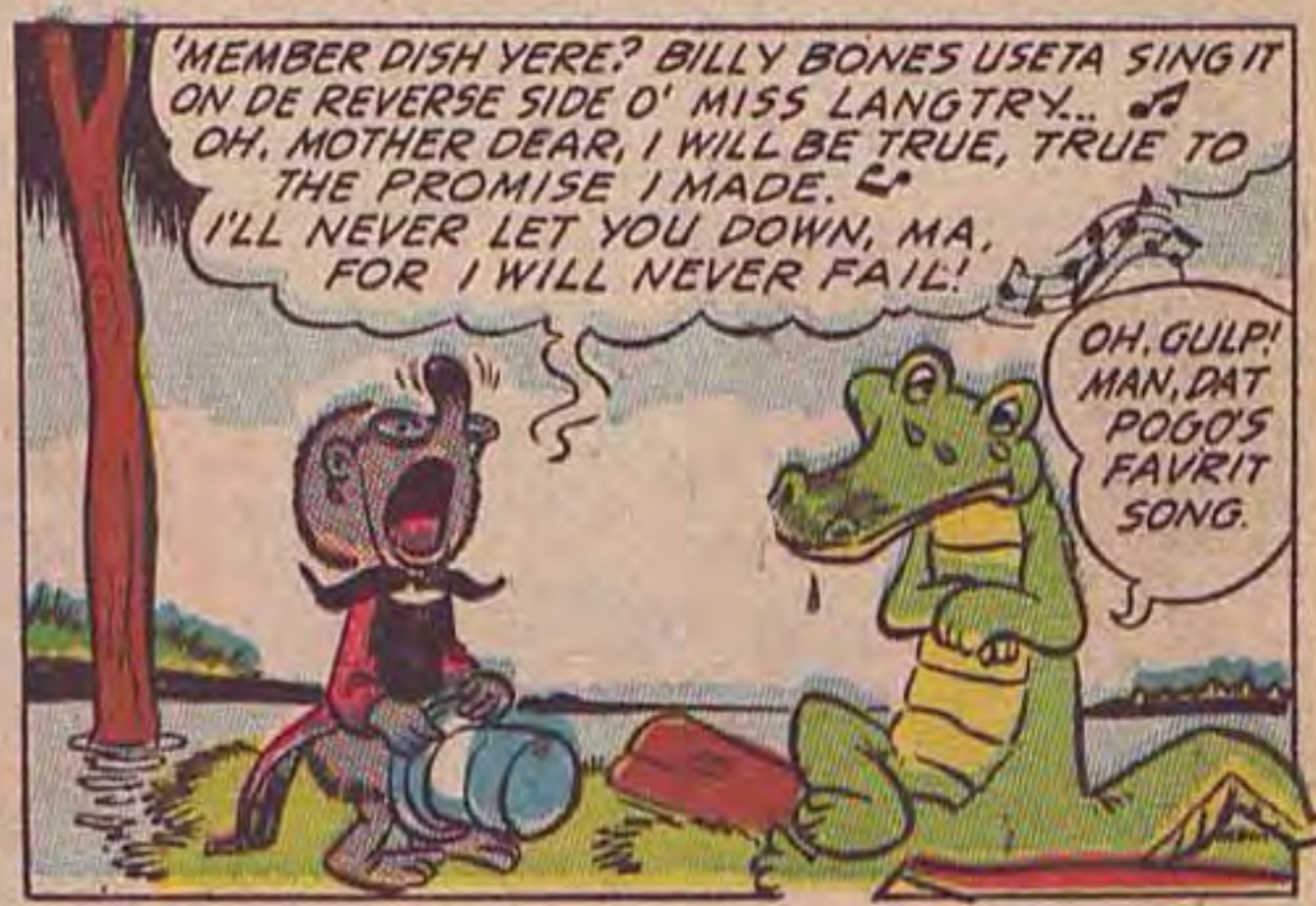


BY JING, YOU IS A HOTHEAD FO'
DIGGIN' UP DE PAST... DE LONG
MOWER AH BORROW DURIN' DE
DEPRESSION AH 'MEMBER... AH WAS
GONE INVENT A COMBINATION SNOW
FLOW, COPPIT BEATER AN' LONG MOWER,
BUT DE BIG TRUST'S
DONE FROZE ME
OUT.



AN' AH 'MEMBERS WHUFFO' YOU
BORRY DE FOAMINGRAPH... IT
HAD A RECORD OF MISS LILY
LANGTRY, DE JERSEY LILY,
SINGIN' LIKE A ANGEL.

OH, YASSUH!
SHE MA
FIRS' LOVE!



'MEMBER DISH YERE? BILLY BONES USETA SING IT
ON DE REVERSE SIDE O' MISS LANGTRY... ♪
OH, MOTHER DEAR, I WILL BE TRUE, TRUE TO
THE PROMISE I MADE. ♪
I'LL NEVER LET YOU DOWN, MA,
FOR I WILL NEVER FAIL!

OH, GULP!
MAN, DAT
POGO'S
FAVRIT
SONG.



TONIGHT I'LL COME ♪
WHEN IT'S GROWN DARK!
TONIGHT I'LL NEVER
QUAIL... ♪



I'LL SAW THE BARS AND
HELP YOU OUT
OF THAT OLD GREY
STONE JAIL!



MAN! MAN! DAT WAS PERTY.
WE ALLUS COULD SING GOOD
BOFE AT DE SAME TIME
AN' TOGETHER, POGO!

US SHO'
COULD
AND DO!



BUST MA BUNIONS! YOU IS POGO,
YOU ISN'T NO VOODOO! WHAT
KIND OF FLIM FLAM IS YOU
FLIMMIN', POGO?

AW, SHECKS!
YOU COTCHED
ME!



AH WHISPER DE TROUBLES AH
IN... BUZZ-HUMF-BOOPS
WUZZUMMUFF ATOOF A-MPH
SCIBBER WIZ-SP-WIP!

NO
FOOLIN'!



WHY DONT YOU TH'OW DE INVADERS
OUT? DEY IS ENROACHIN' ON YOU'
PRESARVES! BE A MAN, YOU L'IL
DOPE, LIKE A REG'LAR POSSUM!

BUT! YO'
FO'GITS DE
CODE OF
DE SOUTH.



REMEMBAH! NEVAH REFUSE HOSSPITALERY TO NOBODY, NOT EVEN IF DEY IS RELATIVES

YOU IS RIGHT! NOW LOOKY YERE, MA MAMMY DONE TOLE ME SUMPIN!



SHE SAY "ALBERT, A BOY GOTTA BE HANDSOME OR REAL SWEET TO SUCCEED." NATCHERAL AH IS HAN'SOME SO AH NEVAH HAD TO BE VERY SWEET!

NATCHERAL



BUT YOU GOTTA BE SWEET—SO IF YOU TREATS DESE VISITORS VERY NICE, DEY GON TAKE PITY AN' MOVE OUT—NATCHERAL!

MM...



LOOKV—DEM FOLKS IS IN DERE GLOOMIN' DEY HEARTS OUT. DEY FINK YOU DONE VANISH FUM A BAD CASE OF DE DWINDLES.

AH AIN'T GONE CHEER 'EM UP NONE.



BUT YOU SHOULD—YOU SHOULD BUST DEY HEARTS WIF HOSPITALERY... WHY NOT SING DEMA COUPLE CHORUSES OF DE POSSUM PAPA'S PRAYER?

AH WON'T DO IT



YOU IS LETTIN' DOWN DE SWAMPLAND! AH IS GREVIOUS HURTED!

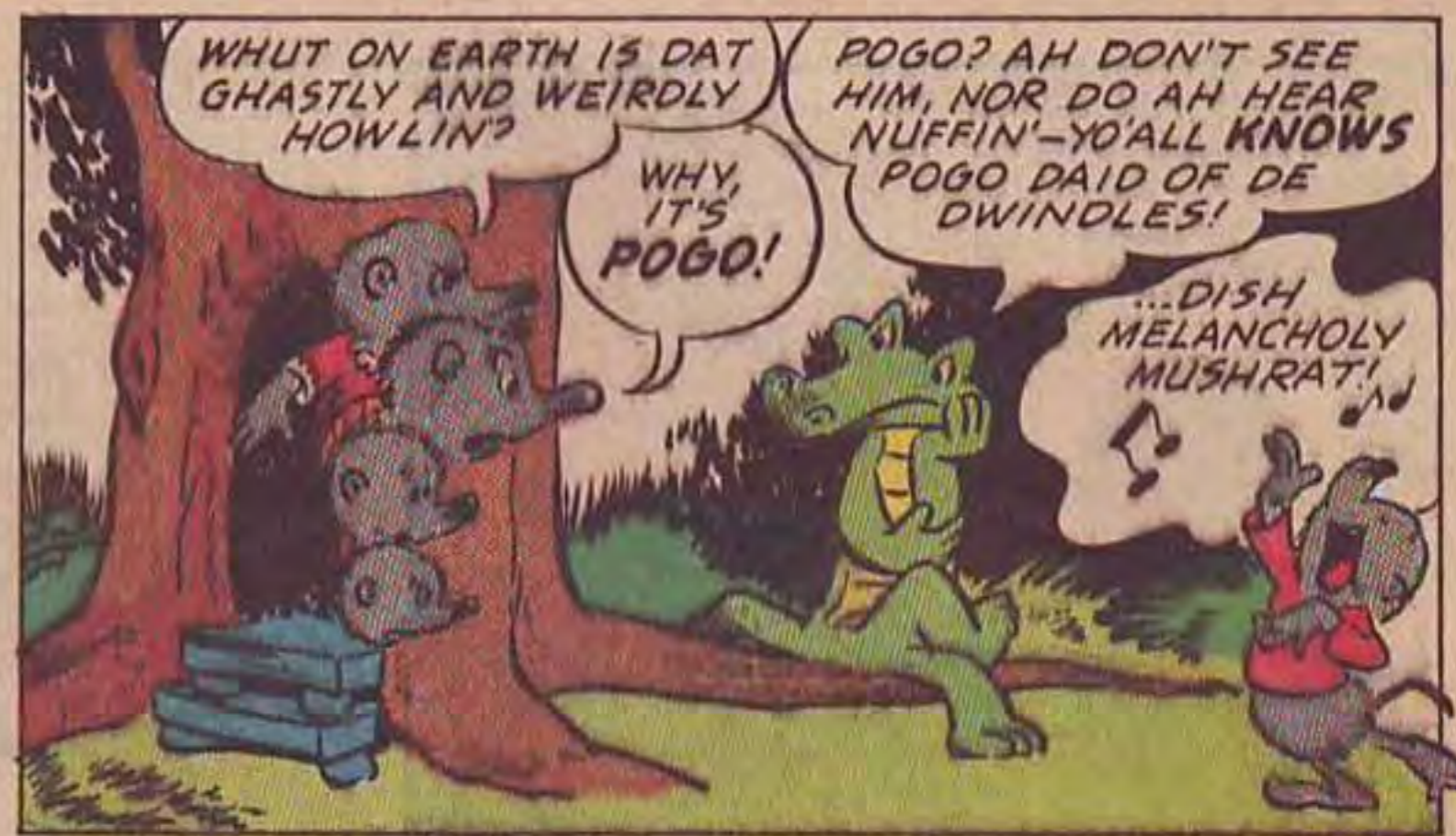
VERY WELL, SINCE YOU INSISTS, AH WILL SING A L'IL BIT OF "DE MELANCHOLY MUSHRAT."



DERE WAS A MUSHRAT NAME OF MOSE STRUCK A FANCI-FOOLISH POSE HIT HIS HAID UPON HIS TOES, DISH MELONCHOLY MUSHRAT!



ONE DAY HE CLUMB INTO A TREE WHERE WAS A BEE HE DIDN'T SEE, BUT HE FELT DAT BUNGLE BEE, DISH...
DISH...
DISH...
DISH...



WHUT ON EARTH IS DAT GHASTLY AND WEIRDLY HOWLIN'?

WHY, IT'S POGO!

POGO? AH DON'T SEE HIM, NOR DO AH HEAR NUFFIN'—YO'ALL KNOWS POGO DAID OF DE DWINDLES!

...DISH MELANCHOLY MUSHRAT!



DASH ENOUGH FO' US—SEEIN' GHOSTS AN' LIVIN' IN A DWINDLE CONTAMINATED HOUSE IS TOO MUCH—GOO' BYE!

OL' MUSHRAT MOSE, HE QUICKLY RENDAH HIS UN-CORN-DISH-INAL SOO-RENDAH, AND DAT, BOYS, IS DE TRULY END O' DISH MELANCHOLY MUSHRAT!

OH, MAN ALIVE! US IS STAMPEDE DE AUDIENCE!

OH, WE IS GOOD! AIN'T NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT!

BLACKIE

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OH BOY! THIS SURE LOOKS GOOD—
NOW LET'S SEE...
I'LL HAVE
TO PRACTICE
UP.



I'LL JUST CARVE A LITTLE
OF THIS DARK MEAT...
NOW A LITTLE GRAVY—
MMM—GOOD!



YEP, CHICKEN'S
MY FAVORITE...



THOUGH I LIKE TO PRACTICE EATING
HAM, TOO... I WONDER IF THIS
MONTH'S MAGAZINE HAS A HAM
ADVERTISEMENT.



WHAT LUCK—LAMB!
I LOVE IT!



I JUST PRETEND THERE'S
PLENTY OF MINT SAUCE ON
THIS—MMM—MM—YUM!



LAMB AND MINT SAUCE! WITH
A LITTLE EFFORT I SHOULD
BE ABLE TO WHIP
THAT UP.



I MUST THINK
OF A TRAP!





NOW, LET'S SEE... IF I WAS TO POP OUT OF THAT PIANO WITH A FRYIN' PAN...



NO, THAT WON'T DO— TOO MUCH MACHINERY IN THERE.



I'LL FIX THAT!



NOW WITH ALL THAT JUNK OUT OF THERE I'LL CUT A HOLE IN THE ROOF...



AND INSTALL THIS STOVE.



NOW TO POP A FEW CULINARY ITEMS INSIDE.



NOW I'LL PUSH IT OUTDOORS AND DOWN TO BLACKIE'S HOUSE.



I'LL JUST LEAVE IT OUT HERE WITH A CARD ON IT.



GOLLY GOSH GEE WHIZ HOLY SMOKES GEE GOSH WOW OH BOY MY GOODNESS—

LOOK!



IT'S A PIANO—SOMEBODY LEFT IT IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE!



LOOK, IT'S A GIFT TO BLACKIE! BUT WHY SHOULD THE PEOPLE OF PATAGONIA BE GRATEFUL TO BLACKIE?

I DUNNO— HE'S NEVER BEEN THERE.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY'RE GRATEFUL!



WELL, THERE'S NO SENSE LEAVING IT OUT HERE IN THE SNOW.

YEAH! LET'S PUSH IT IN AND SURPRISE BLACKIE.



LOOKS LIKE THOSE BROTHERS OF MINE ARE PUSHING A PIANO INTO THE HOUSE!



WELL, JUST SO LONG AS THEY HAVEN'T LET THE WOLF INTO THE HOUSE, I'M LUCKY.



LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE TRYING TO SURPRISE ME—I'M GLAD I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR THEM, TOO.



I'LL SNEAK IN WHILE THEY'RE NOT LOOKING AND HIDE THESE LIFE-SIZE DOLLS.



THEY'VE GONE INTO THE KITCHEN. I'LL SLIP THESE DOLLS BEHIND THE COUCH.



HI, BLACKIE! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE NEW PIANO?



GEE, I HARDLY KNOW WHAT TO SAY—WHO DO I KNOW IN PATAGONIA?



WHY DON'T YOU PLAY SOMETHING ON IT?

GUESS I WILL.



GOSH, I NEVER THOUGHT THEY MIGHT PLAY THE PIANO!



WELL, HERE GOES! I'LL GIVE A SHORT BURST OF "THE APPLE BLOSSOM AND THE RHINOCERUS."

BRAVO!
GREAT!



IT DOESN'T WORK!



GEE! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING OR THE JIG IS UP!



OH, THE APPLE BLOSSOM—
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG



AND THE RHINO-CERUS!
YEA-MAN!
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG!



GOLLY, THIS IS **SOME** PIANO! IT SOUNDS LIKE A CROWDED CROSS-TOWN TROLLEY CAR!



THAT'S THE FIRST TALKIN' AN' SINGIN' PIANO I EVER HEARD!

AND THE WORST, TOO!

WHAT HAS PATAGONIA GOT AGAINST US?



WAIT'LL I PICK OUT A LITTLE OF RIMBOVITCH'S ETUDE IN ASIA MINOR.



OH, RIMBOVITCH IN ASIA MINOR!
YASSUH—
WHANKA BANG CLANG!



WELL, I GUESS I'D BETTER GO OUT FOR A PIANO TUNER.



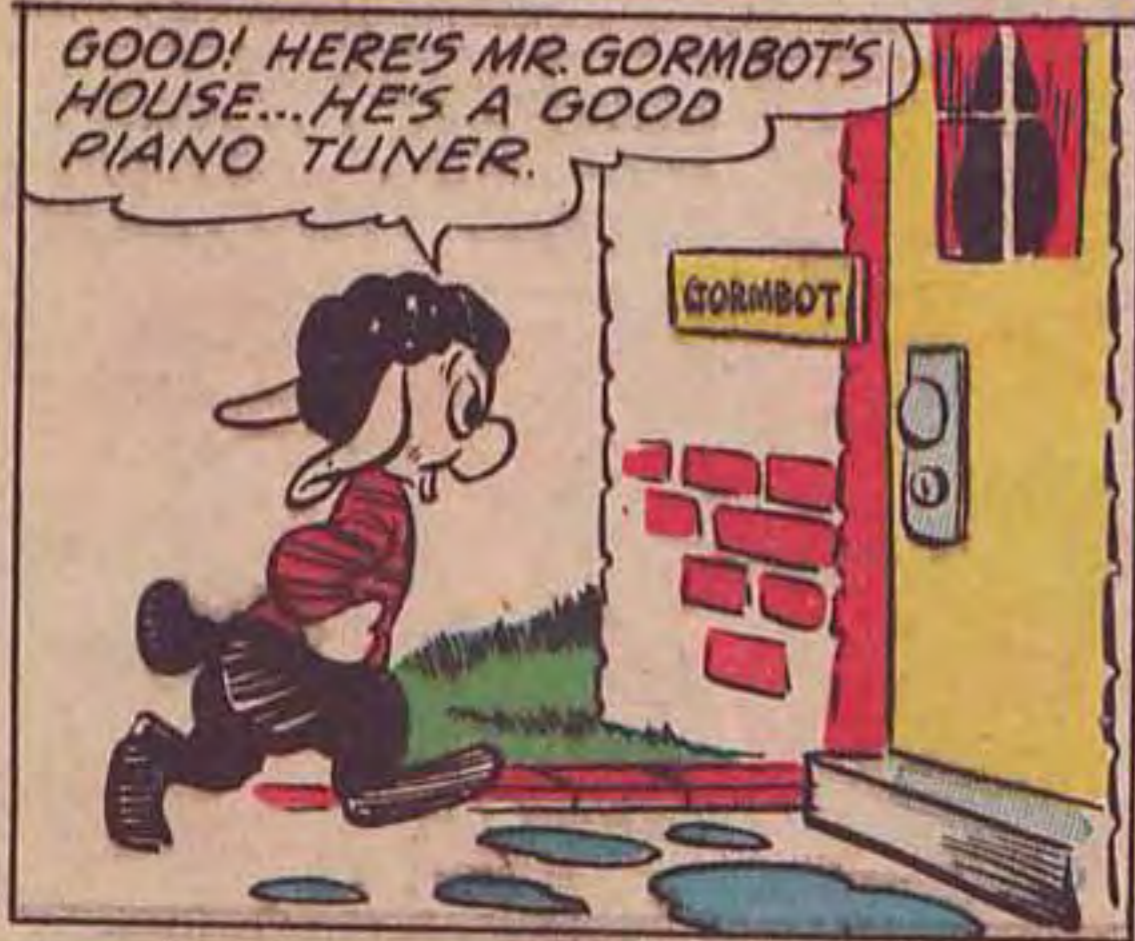
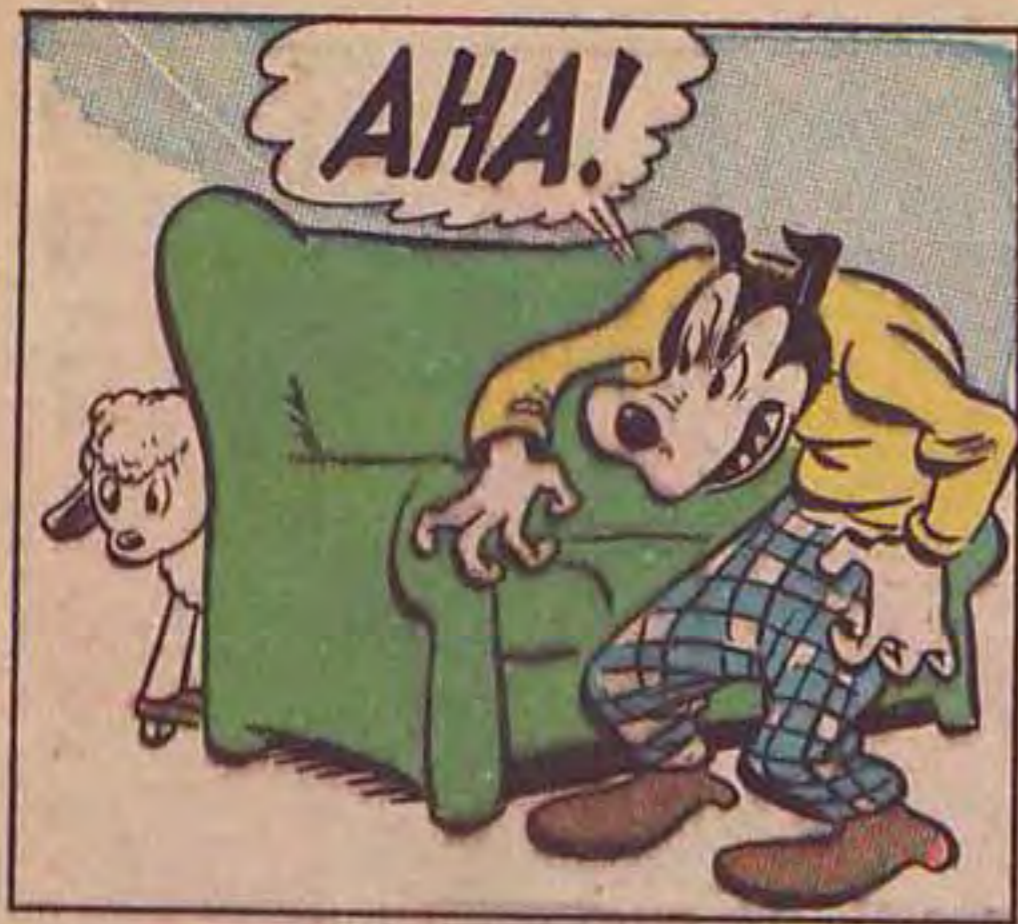
BUT DO YOU KNOW ANY PATAGONIAN PIANO TUNERS?



NOW TO CATCH ONE OF THE DIM-WITTED BROTHERS AND SNEAK BACK IN HERE AND COOK HIM.



NOW WHERE COULD THEY BE HIDING?





GEE, MR. GORMBOT, HERE COMES MY TWO BROTHERS HURRYING TO MEET US.



HEY, BLACKIE! HEY, HEY, HEY, BLACKIE! HEY, HEY, WOW GEE WHIZ HEY, WOW HEY, BLACKIE—WOWIE!

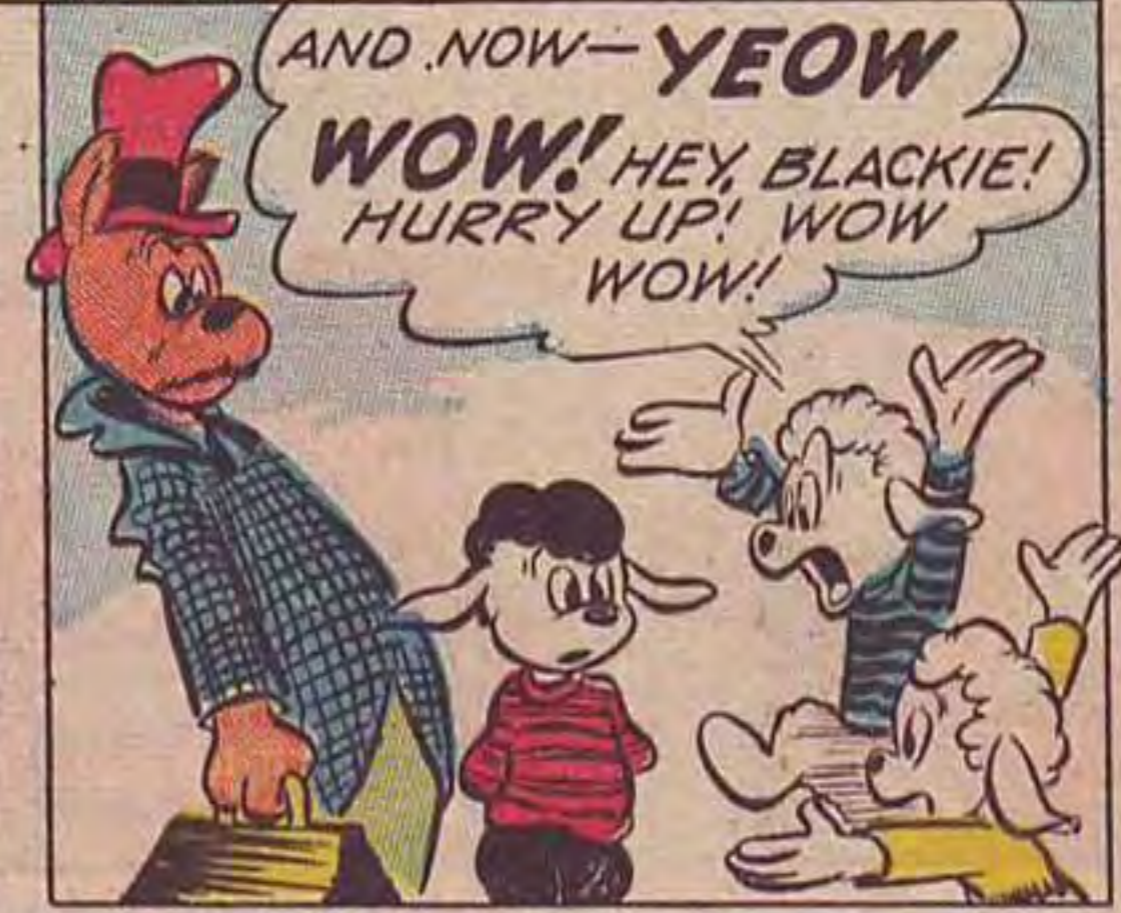


BOYS, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MR. GORMBOT. MR. GORMBOT, MEET MY BROTHERS.



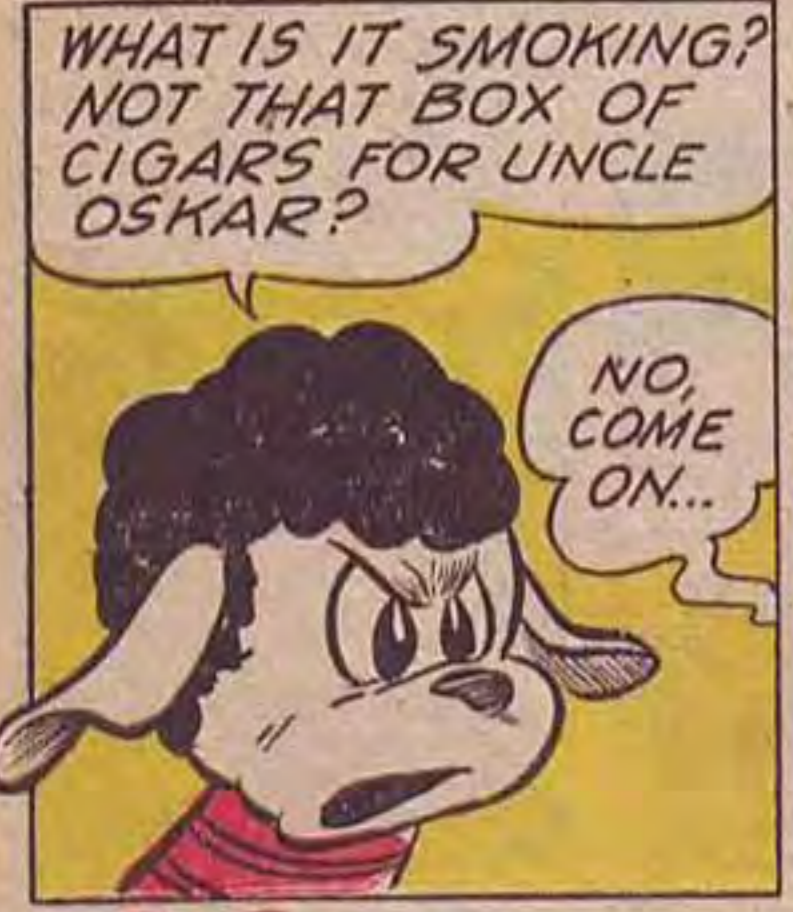
GLAD TO MEET YOU, BOYS.

HOWDY, MR. GORMBOT!



AND NOW—YEOW WOW! HEY, BLACKIE! HURRY UP! WOW WOW!

THE PIANO IS TALKIN' AND MUMBLIN' AND IT'S SMOKIN', TOO!



WHAT IS IT SMOKING? NOT THAT BOX OF CIGARS FOR UNCLE OSKAR?

NO, COME ON...



IF IT'S SMOKING, IT MUST BE A HOT PIANO.

WHAT'S IT TALKING ABOUT?

IT KEEPS SAYING THAT LAMBS ARE FULL OF SAWDUST.



WAIT—IF IT'S TALKING ABOUT LAMBS BEIN' FULL OF SAWDUST, I'VE GOT A HUNCH WHAT'S UP!



YESSIR! SEE, I HID TWO LIFE-SIZE LAMB DOLLS THERE AND THEY'RE GONE!



WHAT OF IT? OR TO BE PRECISE, TO WIT, SO WHAT?

GIVE ME A HAND AND I'LL EXPLAIN.



YOU MEAN TO PUSH IT OUT THE DOOR?

SURE! DO YOU HAVE ANY FIRE-CRACKERS WITH YOU?



SURE; AS A PIANO TUNER I ALWAYS CARRY FIRE CRACKERS. WHAT DO YOU WANT, A FEW TEN-INCH SALUTES?

YEAH—LIGHT 'EM.

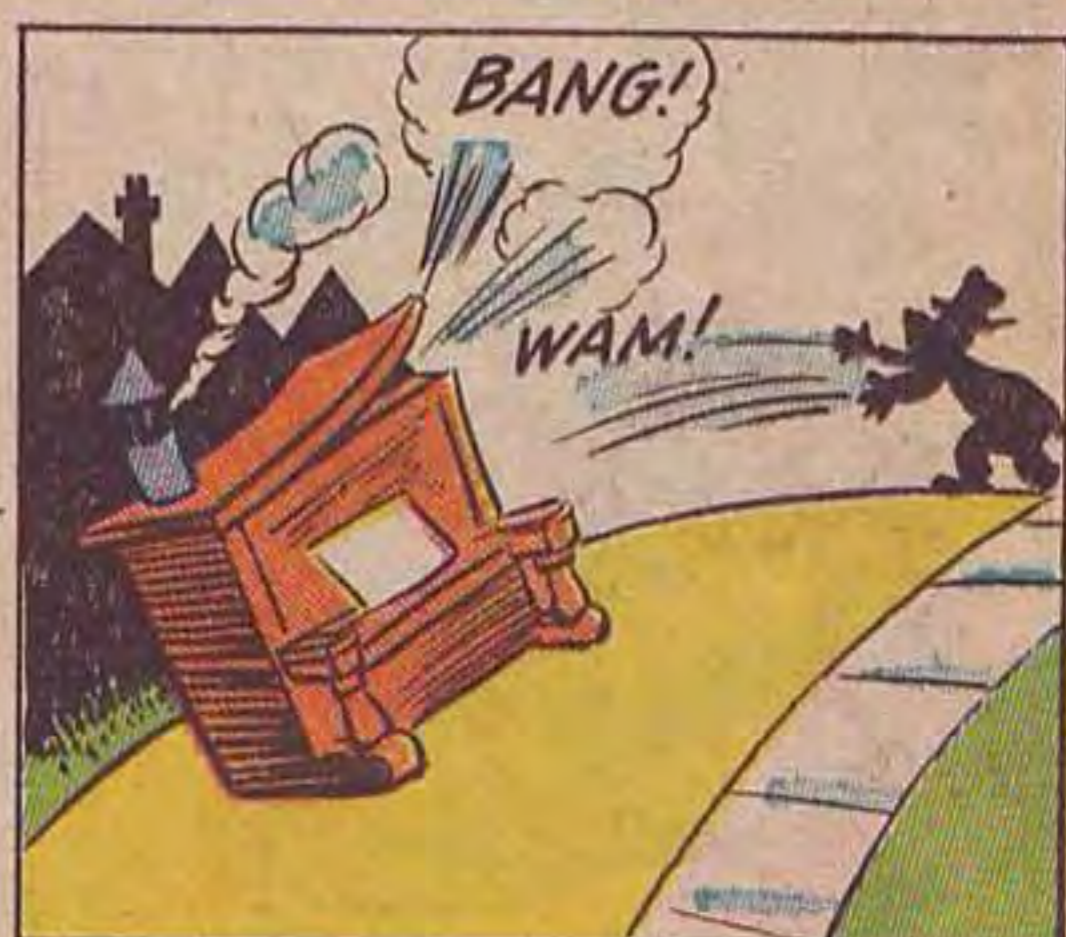


NOW TOSS 'EM IN HERE!

FUNNY WAY TO TUNE A PIANO!

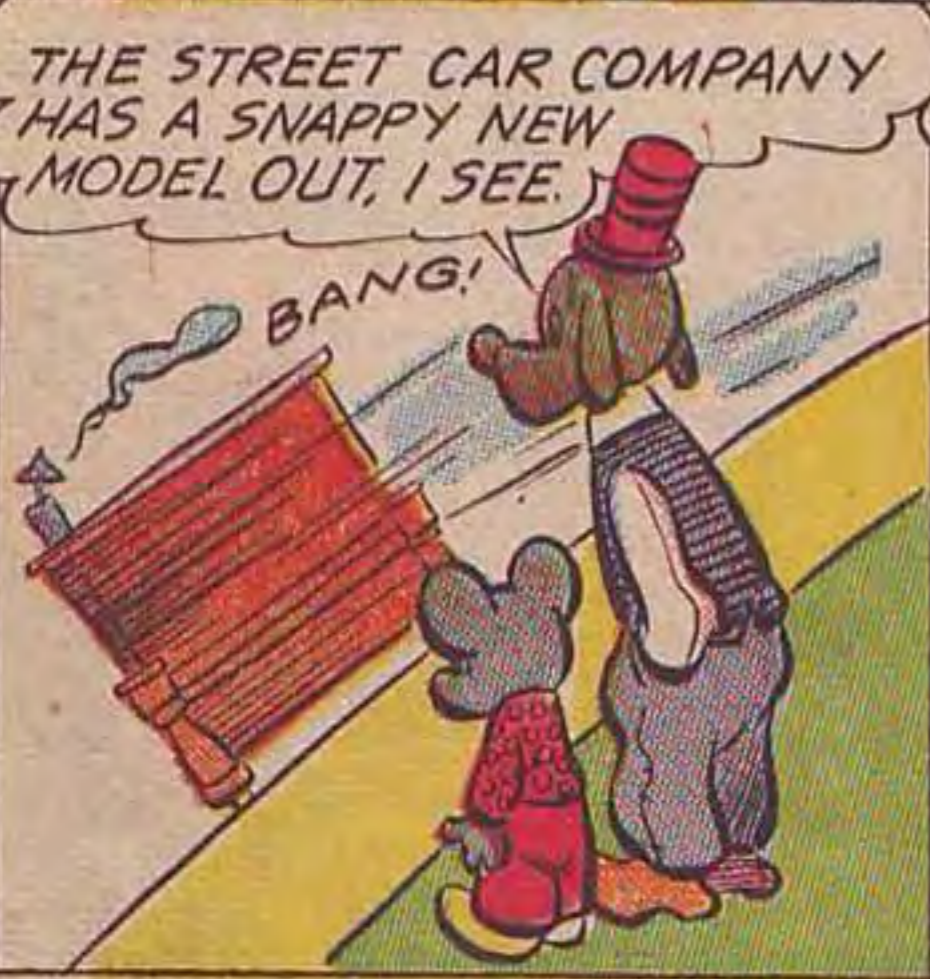


NOW PUSH IT DOWN THE HILL. Y'SEE, THE WOLF IS INSIDE! HE ATE THOSE TWO DOLLS THINKIN' THEY WERE MY BROTHERS.



BANG!

WAM!



THE STREET CAR COMPANY HAS A SNAPPY NEW MODEL OUT, I SEE.

BANG!

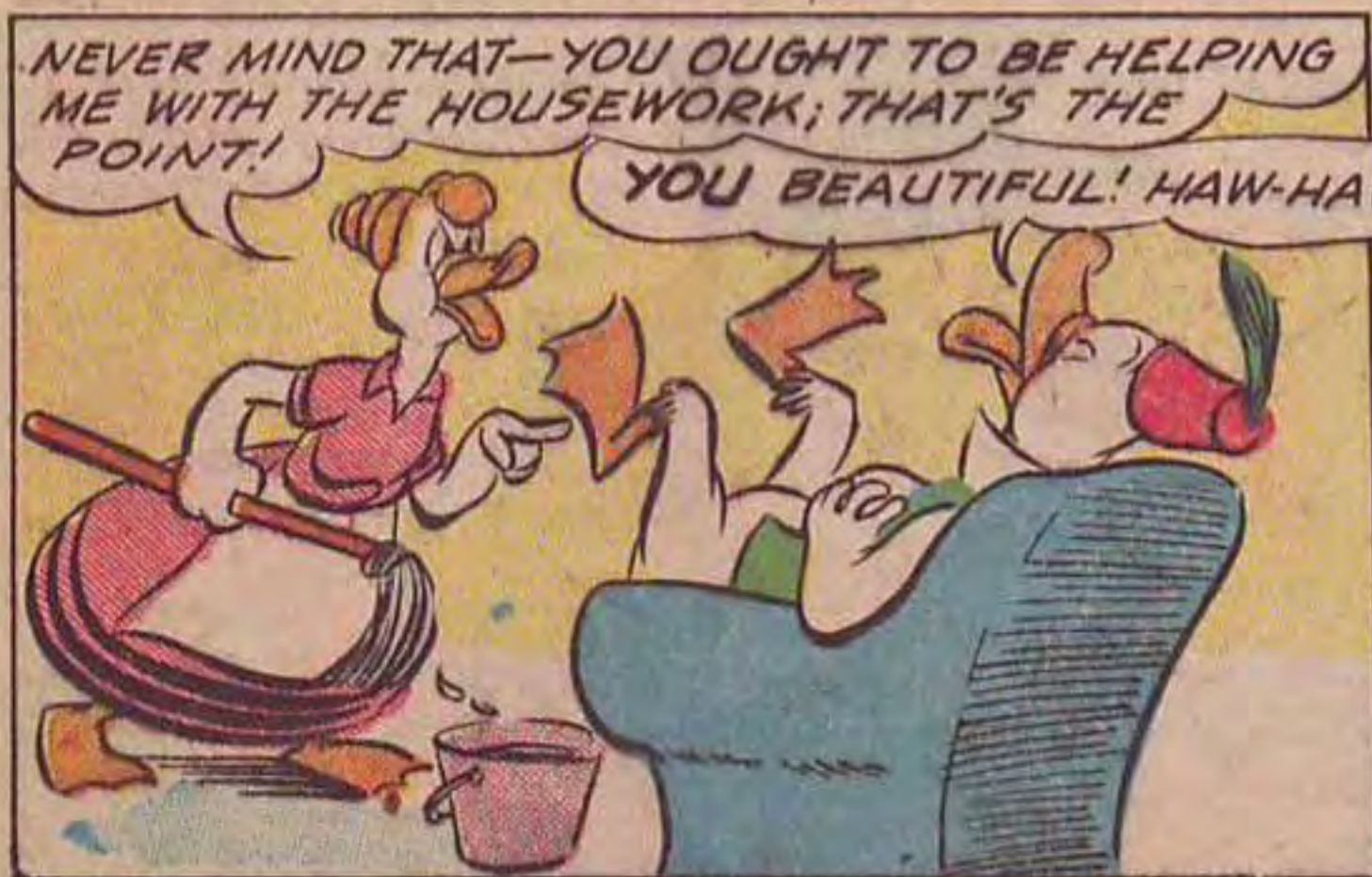
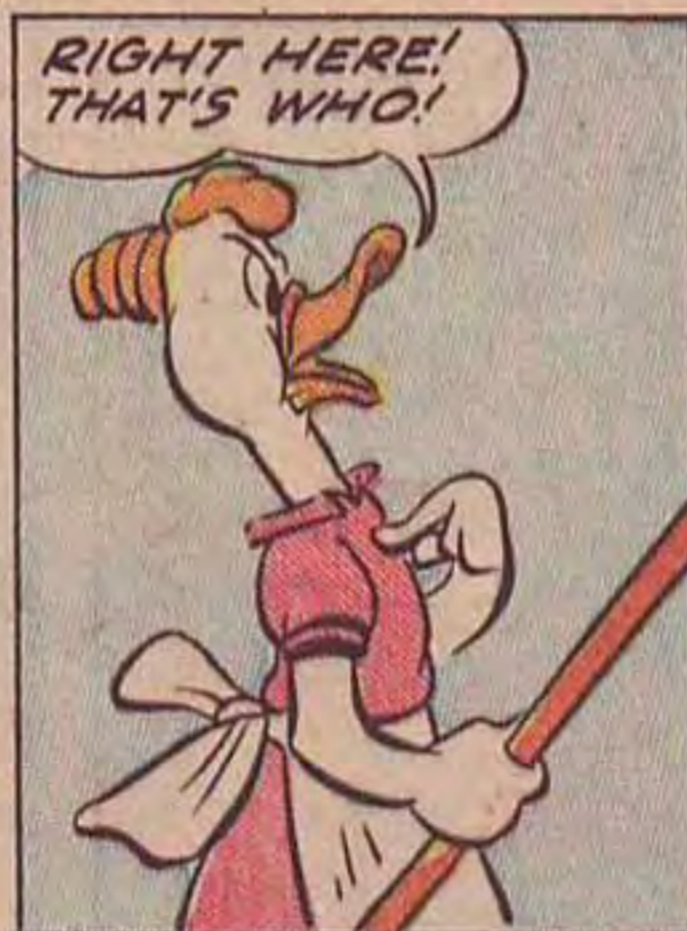
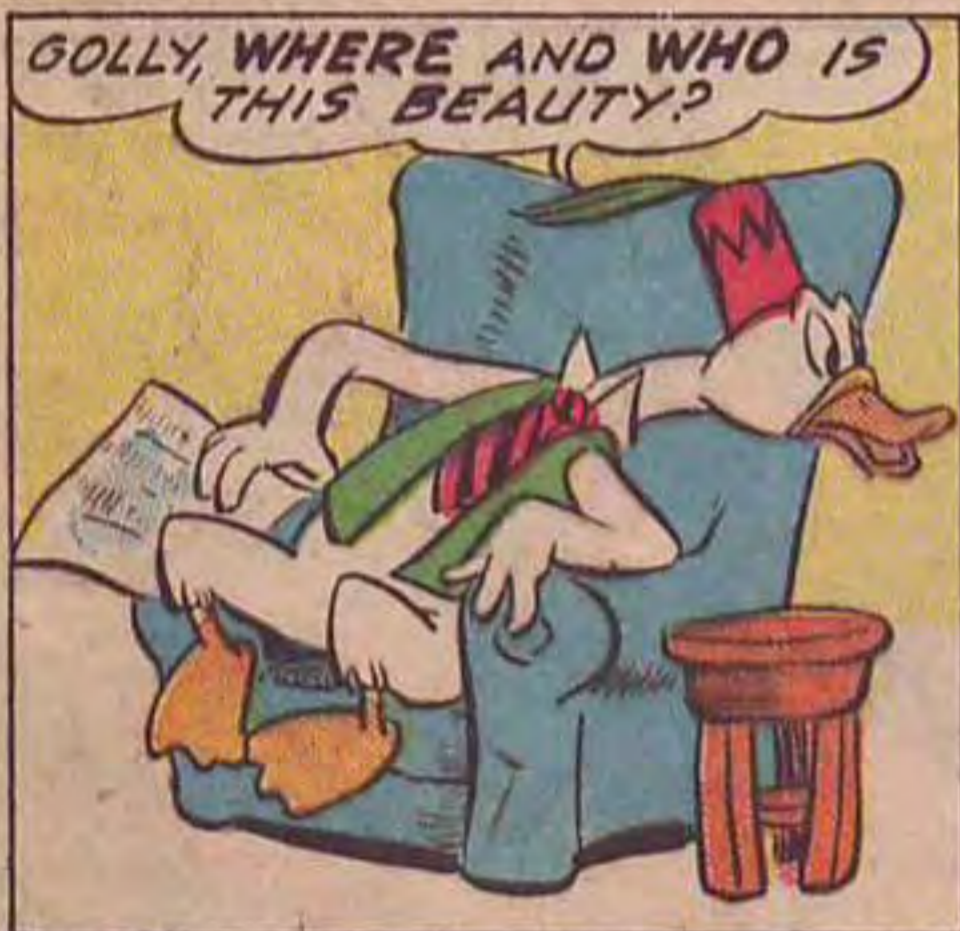
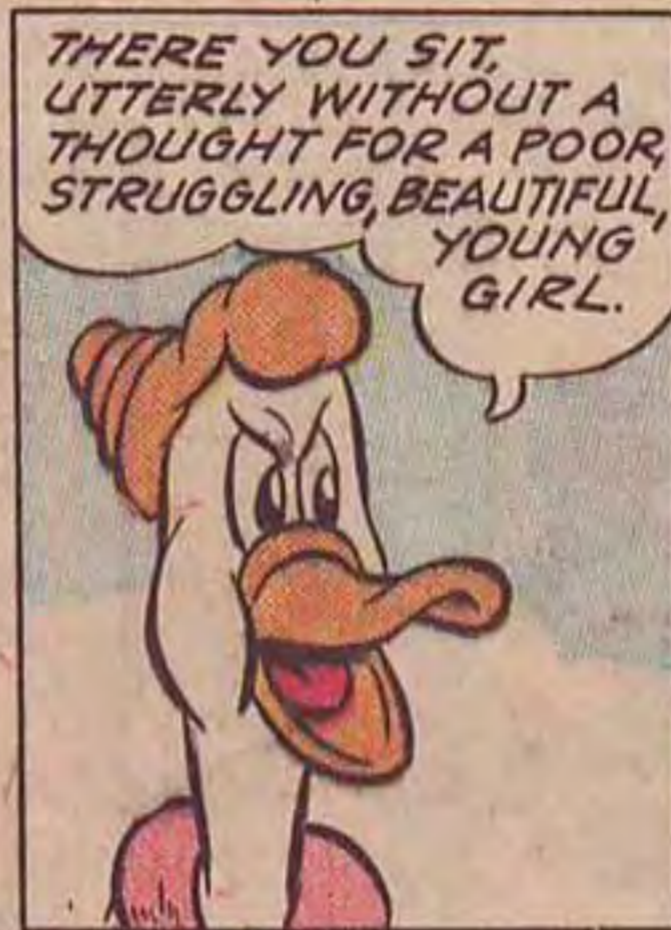
CONGRATULATIONS, BLACKIE!

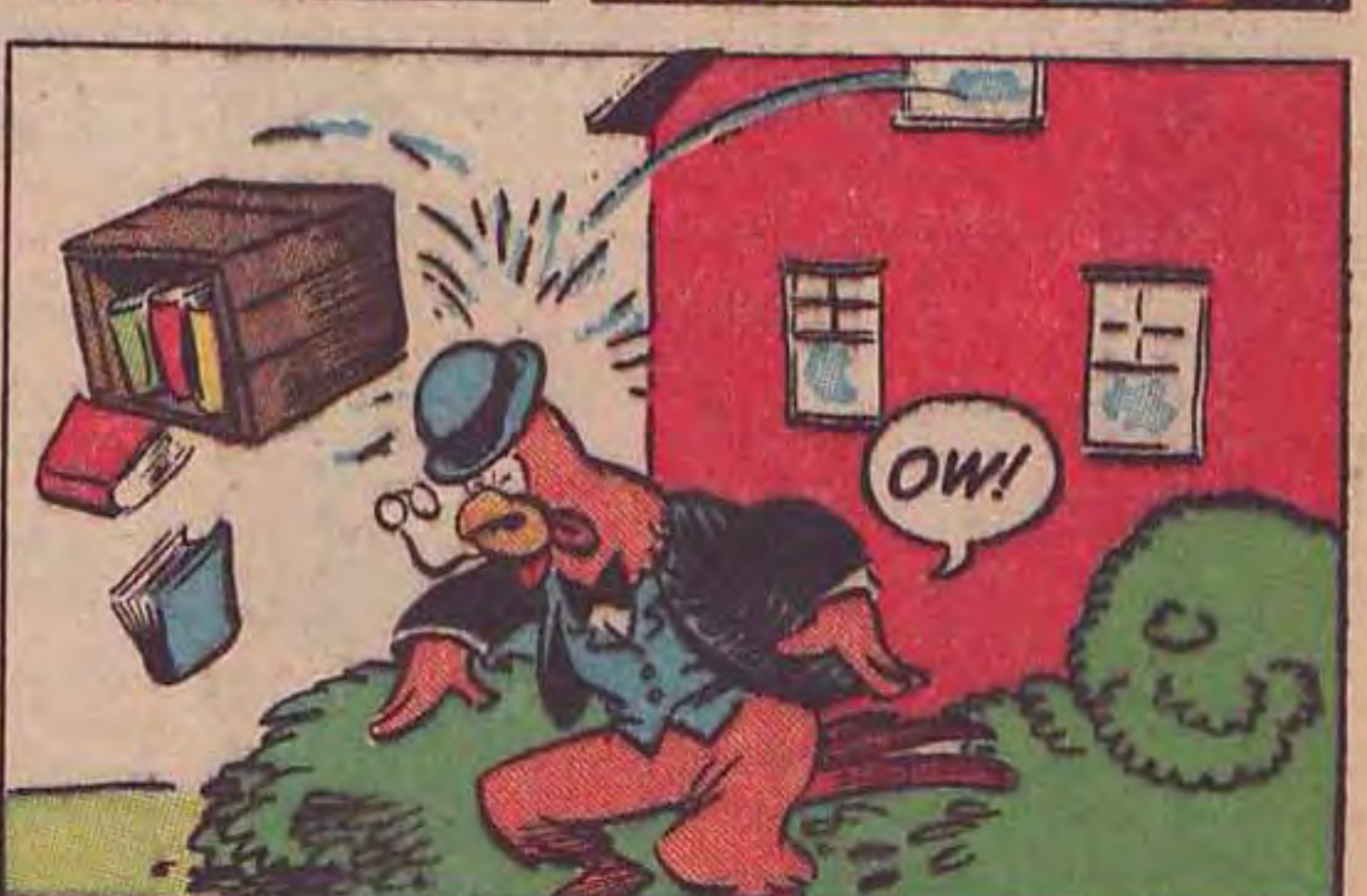
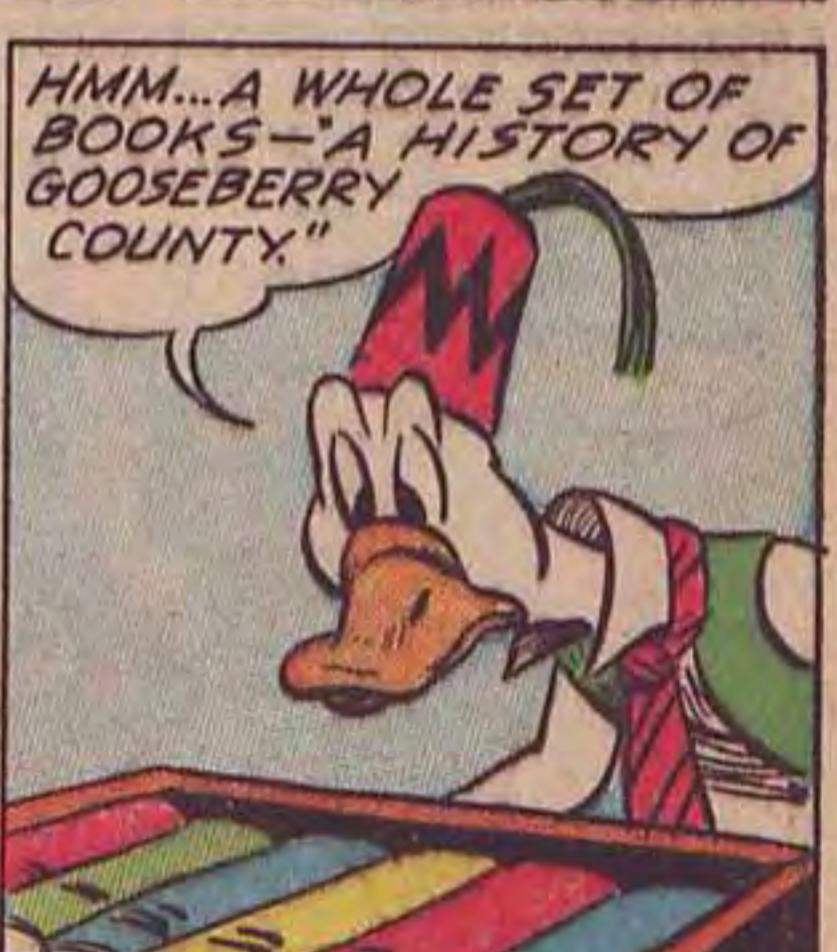
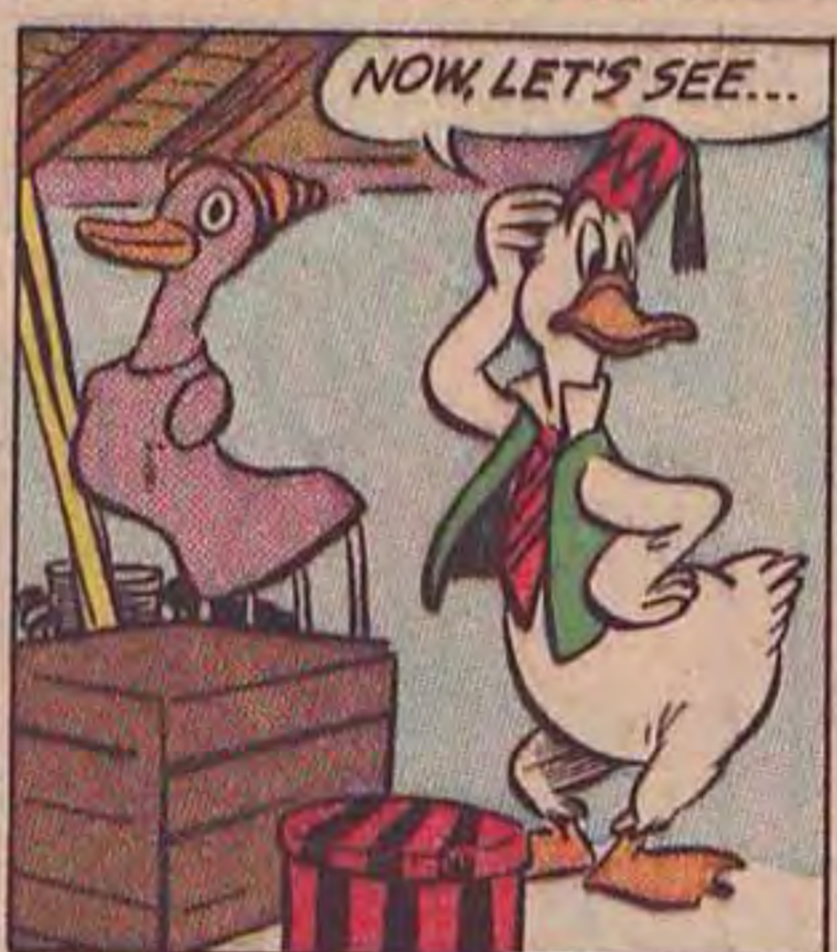
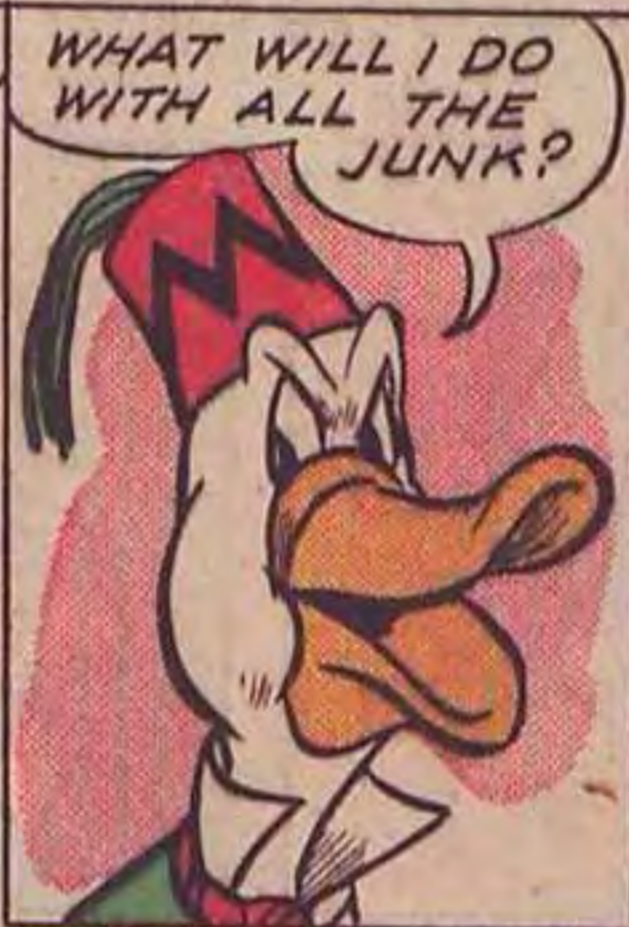
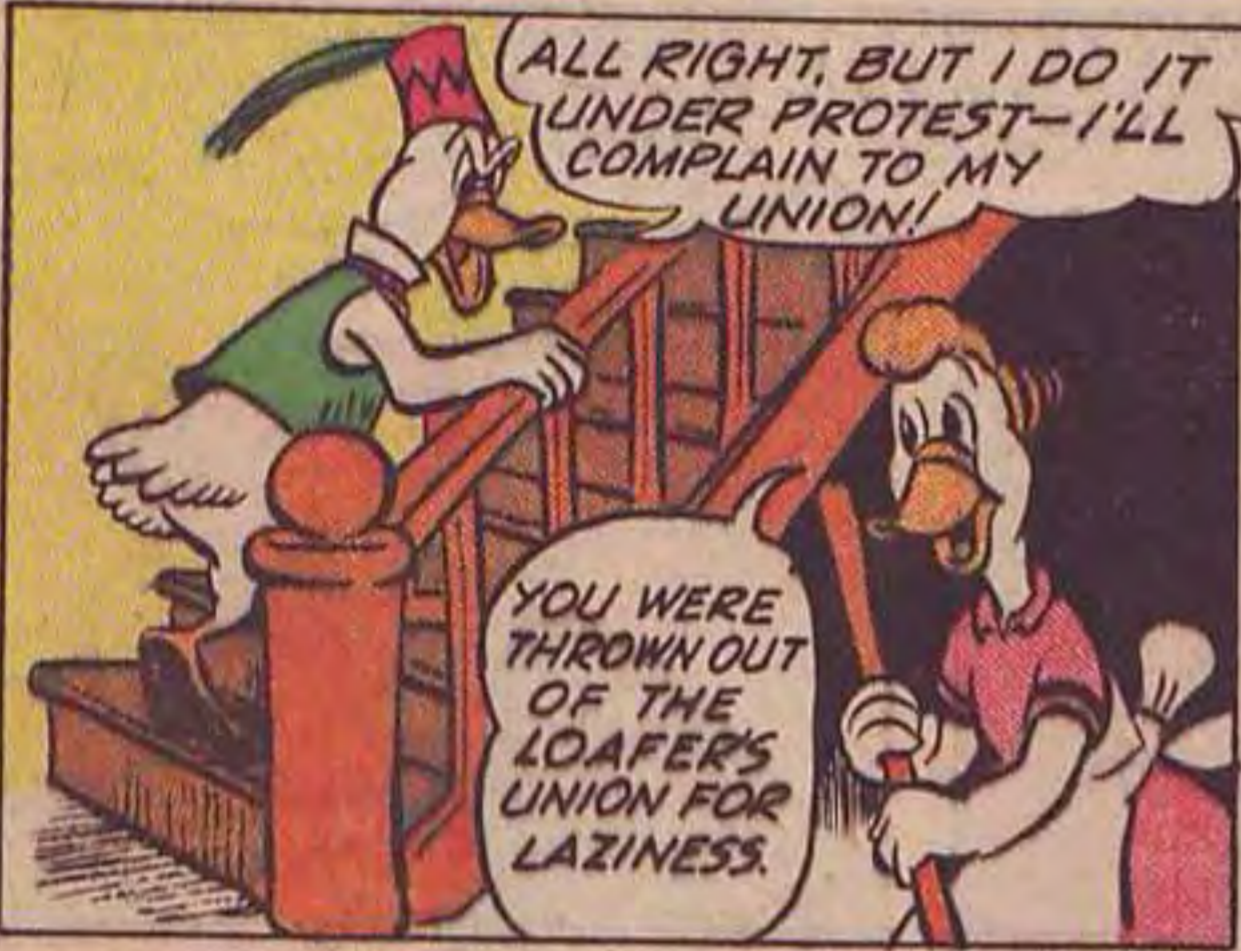
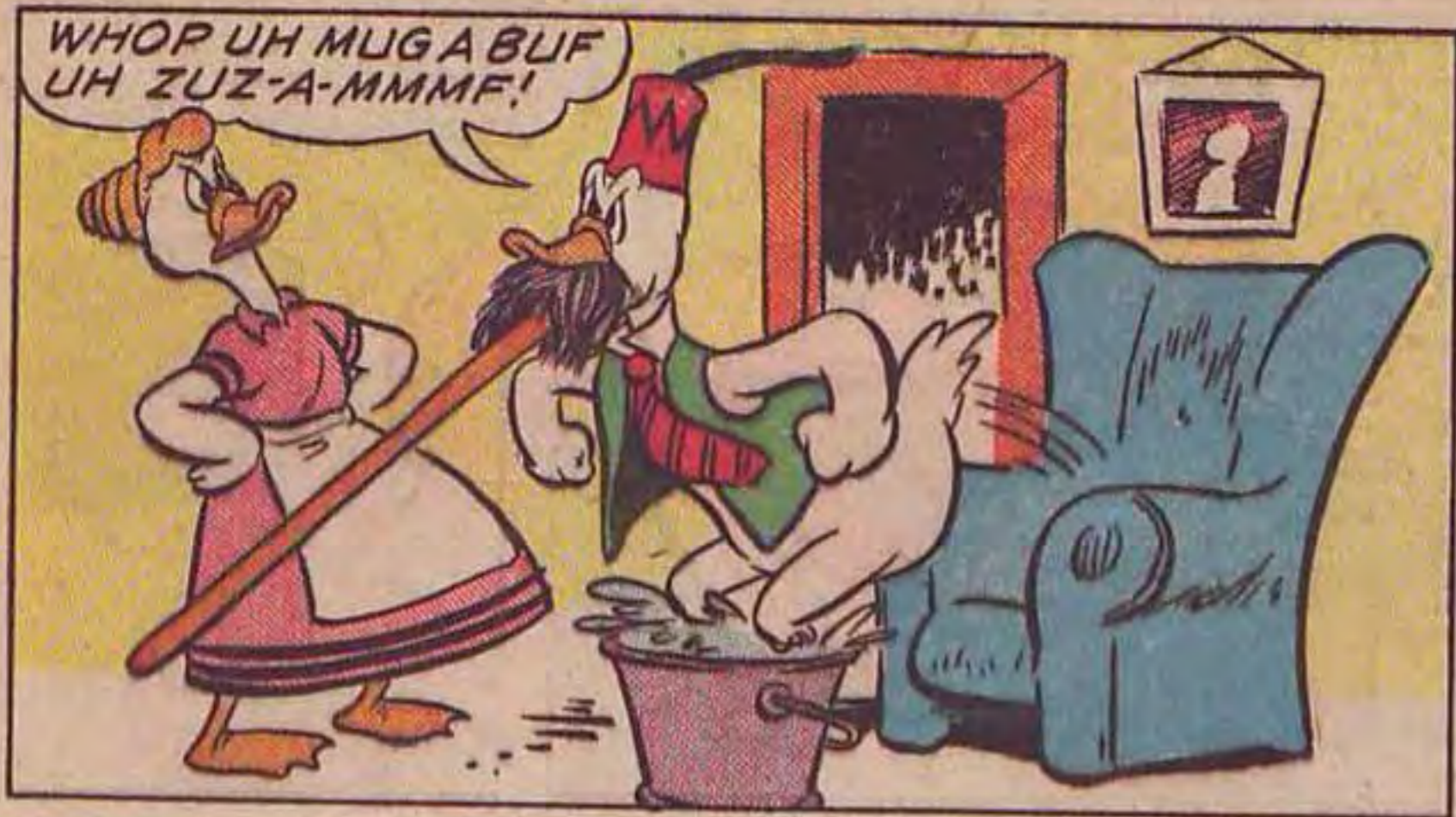
THAT'S THE END OF THE WOLF!

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS—I HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO CRAWL OUT WHILE EVERYBODY WAS GONE—AND THOSE TOY LAMBS WEREN'T BAD, EITHER!

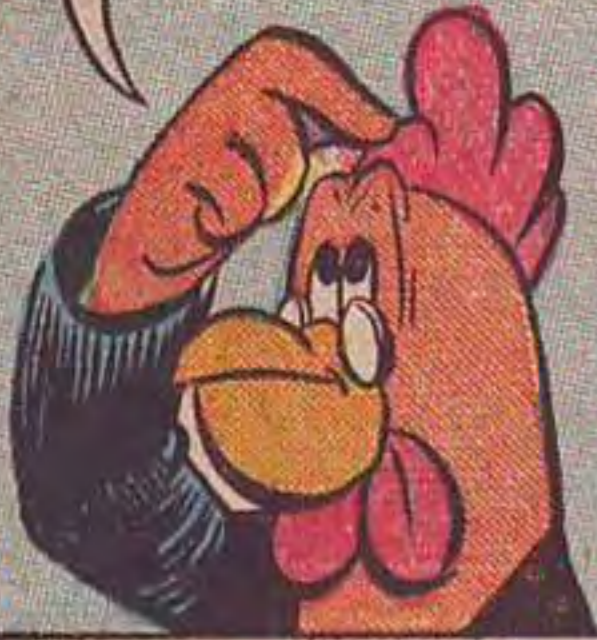
Cilly Goose

COPR. 1945, BY FAMOUS STUDIOS.





MY, MY! I SEEM TO HAVE BEEN STRUCK SEVERELY ON THE CRANIUM.



HMMP! A BOX OF BOOKS— THAT'S WHAT GAVE ME THAT CRUEL BLOW.



I'LL JUST CARRY IT BACK TO THIS HOUSE. EVIDENTLY IT FELL FROM A WINDOW.



GOOD MORNING, MADAM. I HAVE SOMETHING HERE THAT BELONGS IN YOUR HOME.



OH, A BOOK SALESMAN!



WELL, NOT EXACTLY... I WAS PASSING AND SOMETHING STRUCK ME—



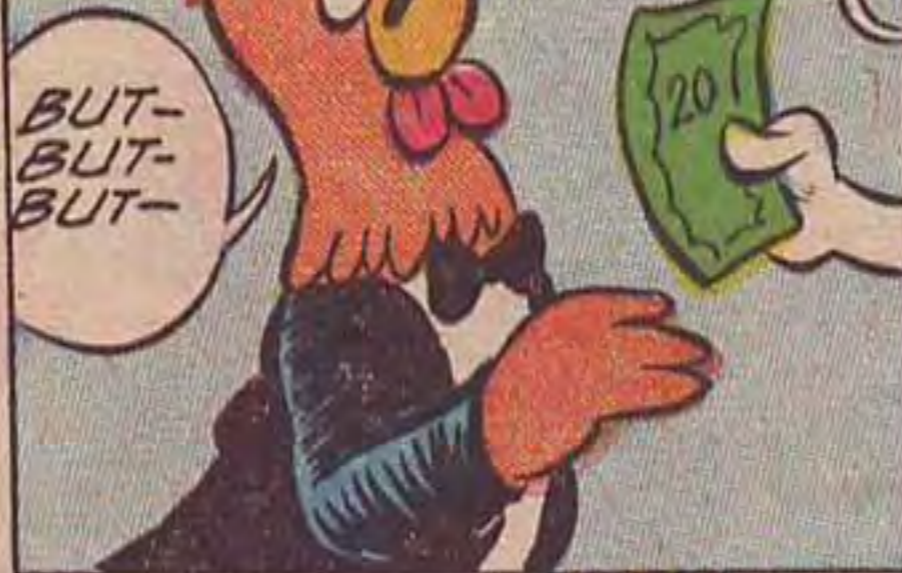
NEVER MIND THE SALES TALK—IF IT'S SOMETHING I WANT, I'LL BUY IT.



MY SAKES! A HISTORY OF OUR COUNTY—SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED... I SEE THE PRICE IS PENCILED IN THE COVER—\$200 PER VOLUME.



AND THAT'S \$2000 FOR THE SET OF TEN—HERE'S YOUR MONEY—GOOD DAY!



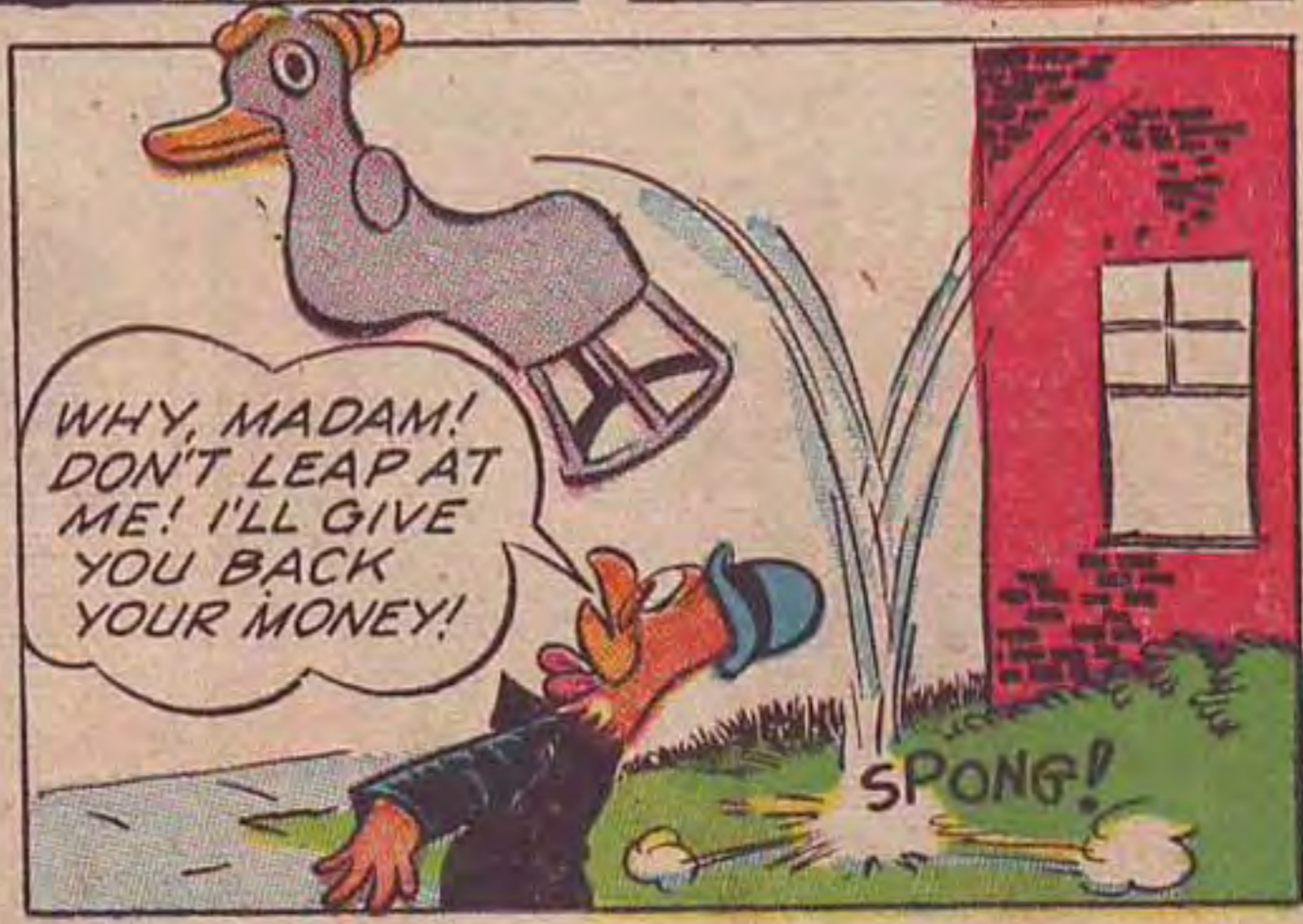
BUT— BUT— BUT—

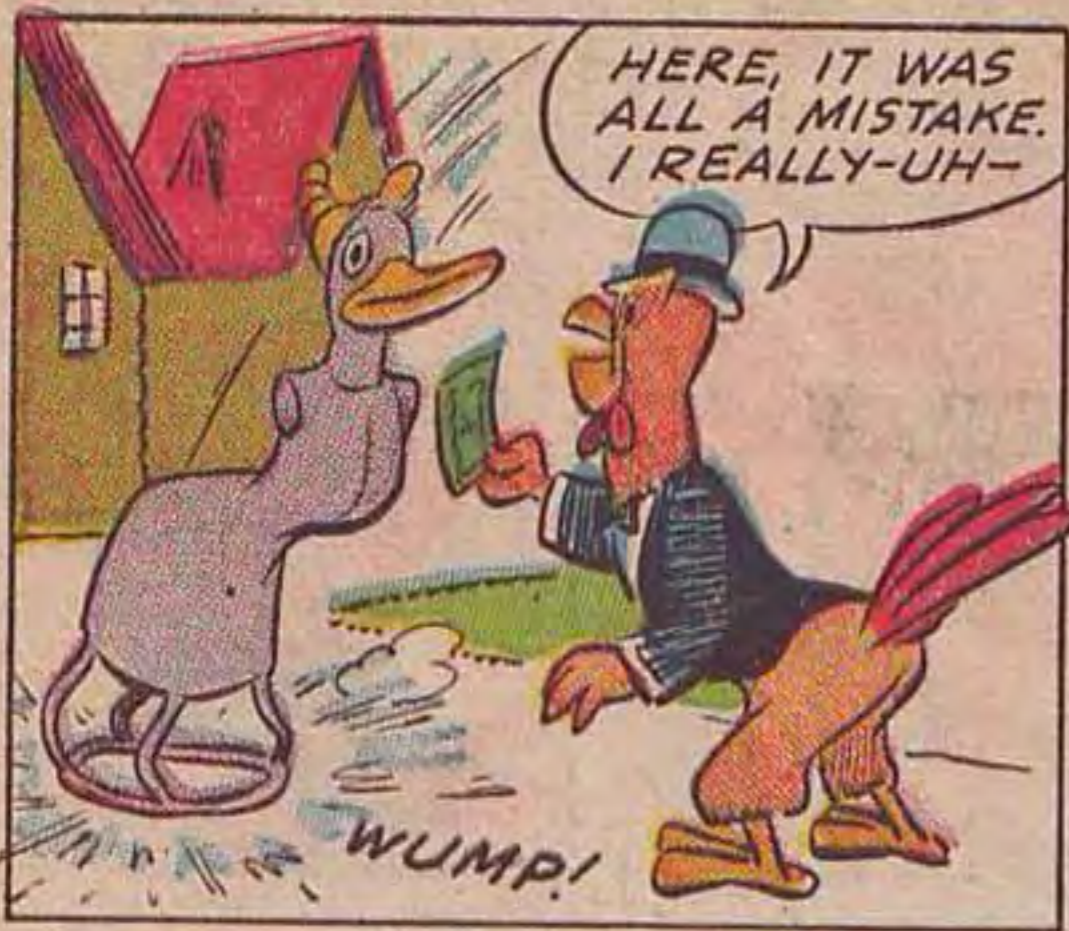


MIGHT AS WELL THROW OUT THIS OLD DRESS DUMMY OF CILLY'S.



WHY, MADAM! DON'T LEAP AT ME! I'LL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR MONEY!





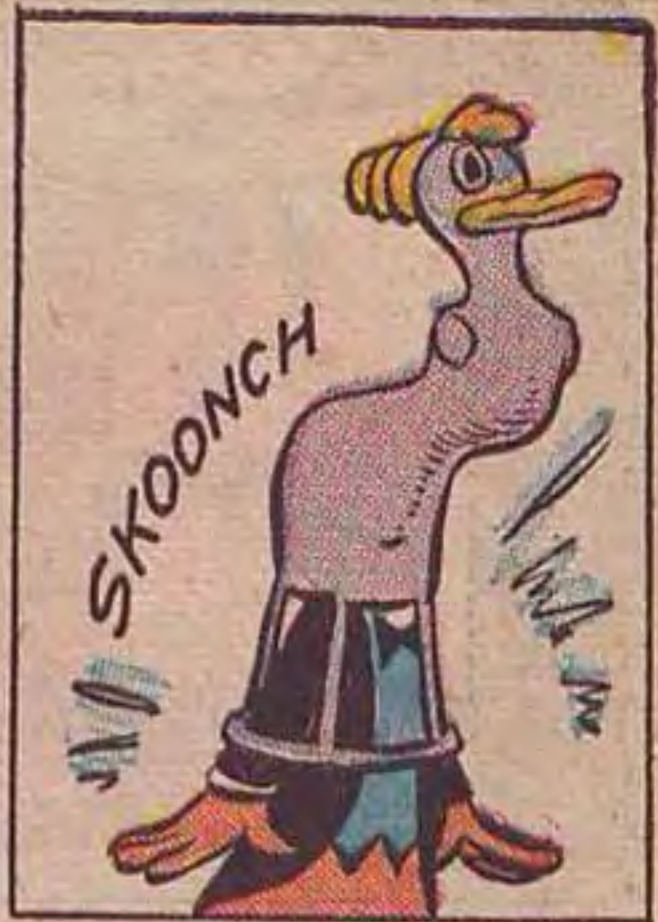
HERE, IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE. I REALLY-UH-

WUMP!

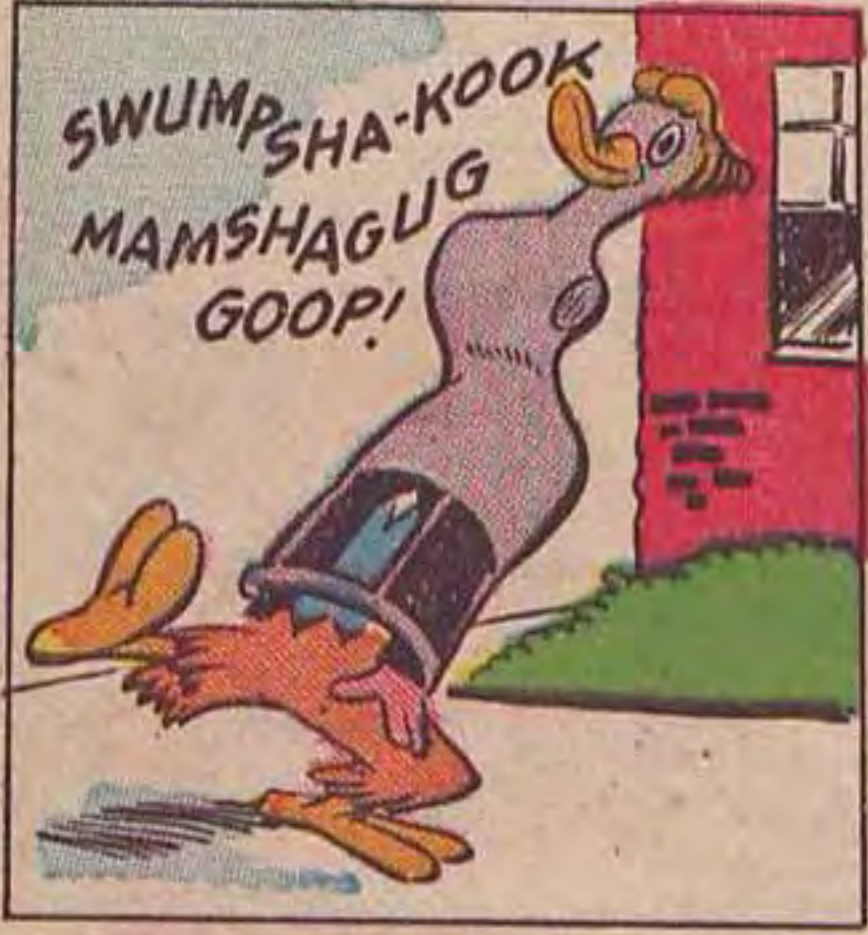


SPANG!

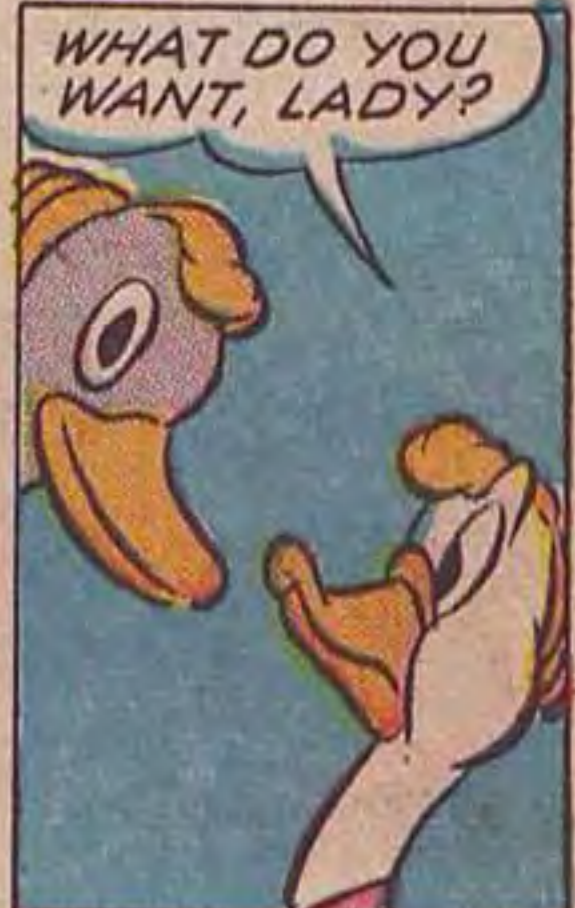
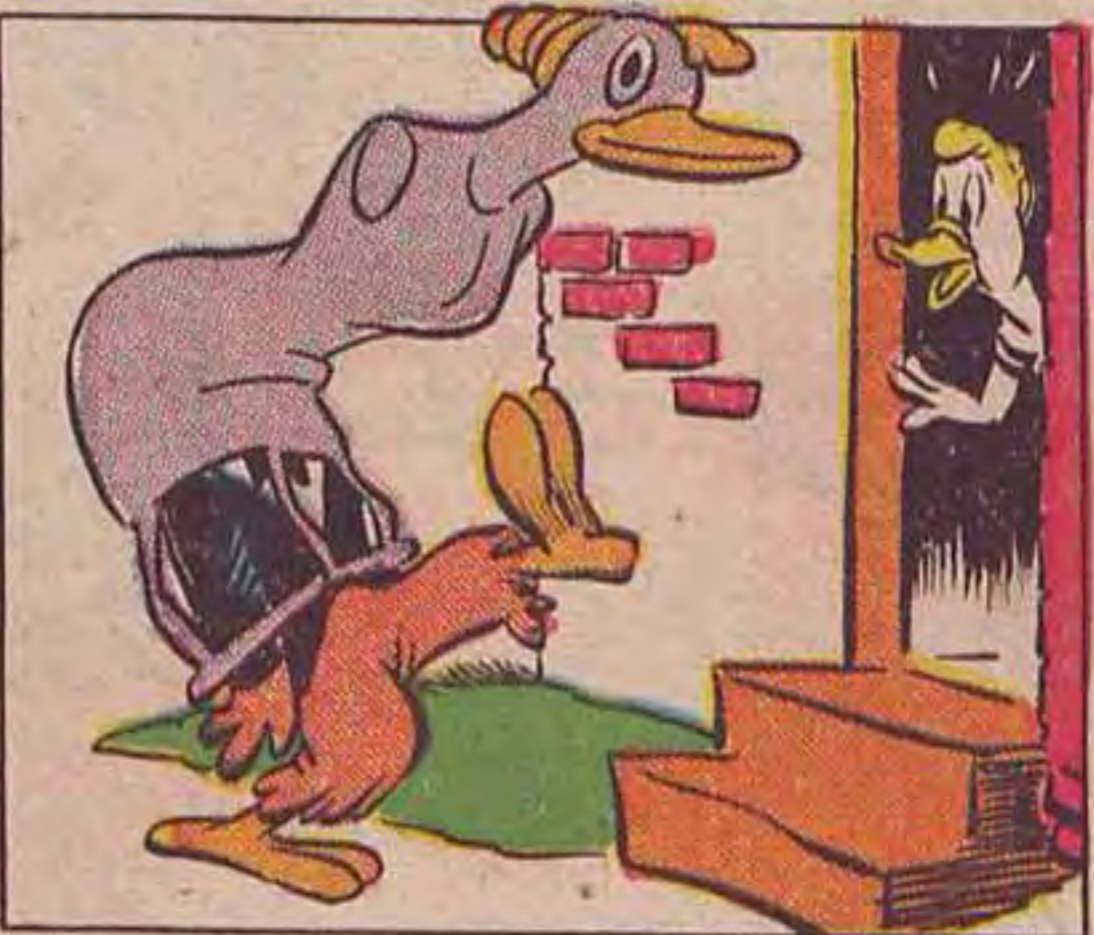
NOW LET'S NOT BE HASTY, MADAM.



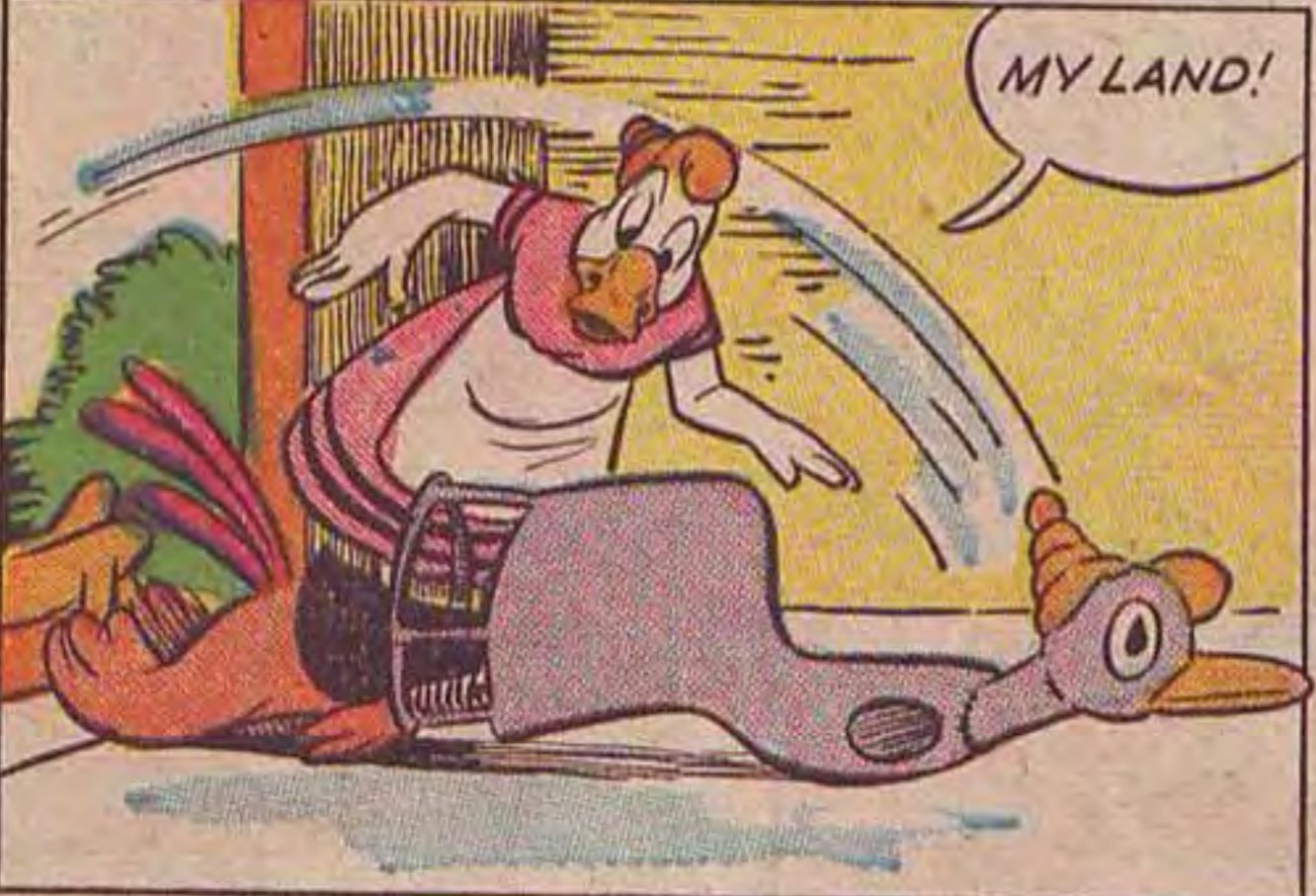
SKOONCH



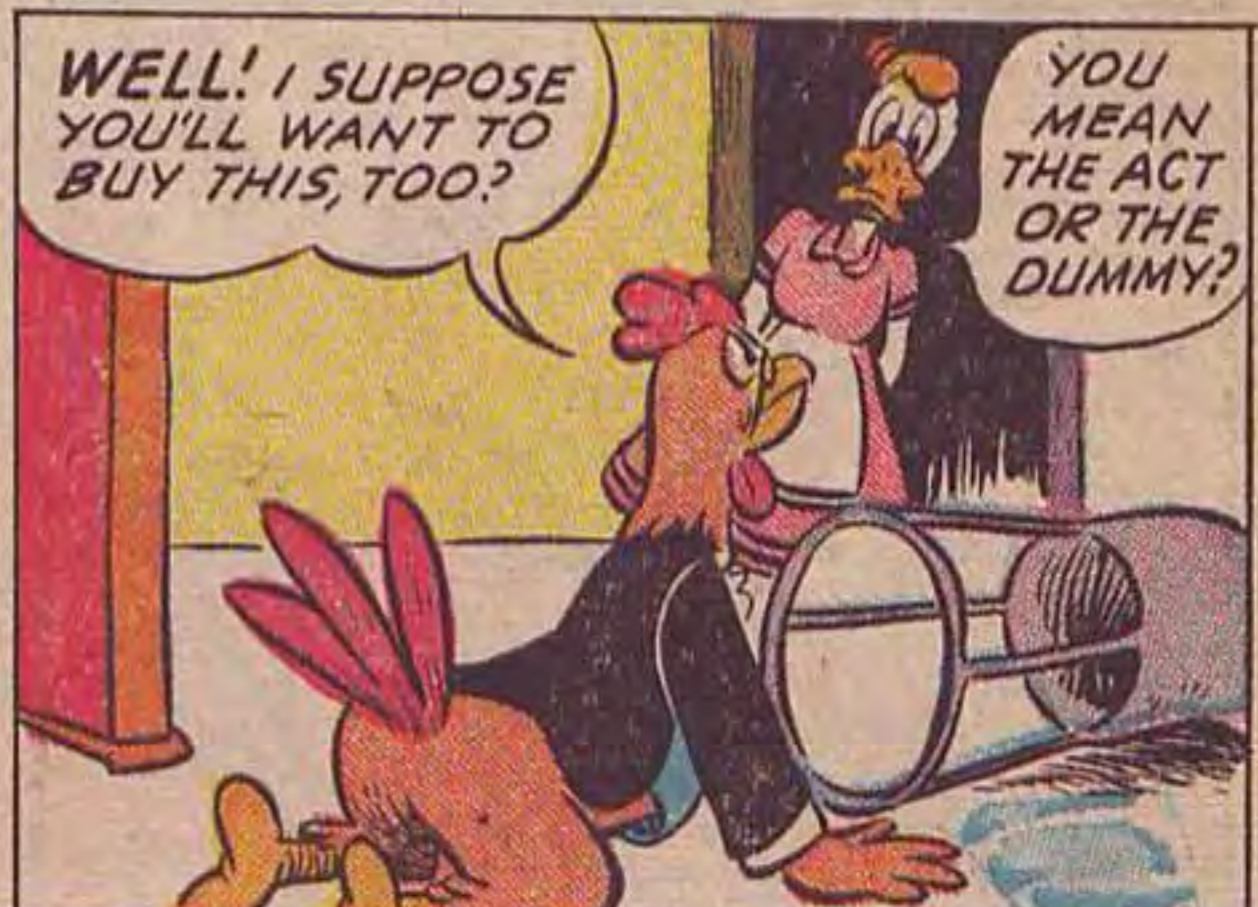
SWUMPSHA-KOOK MAMSHAGUG GOOP!



WHAT DO YOU WANT, LADY?



MY LAND!



WELL! I SUPPOSE YOU'LL WANT TO BUY THIS, TOO?

YOU MEAN THE ACT OR THE DUMMY?



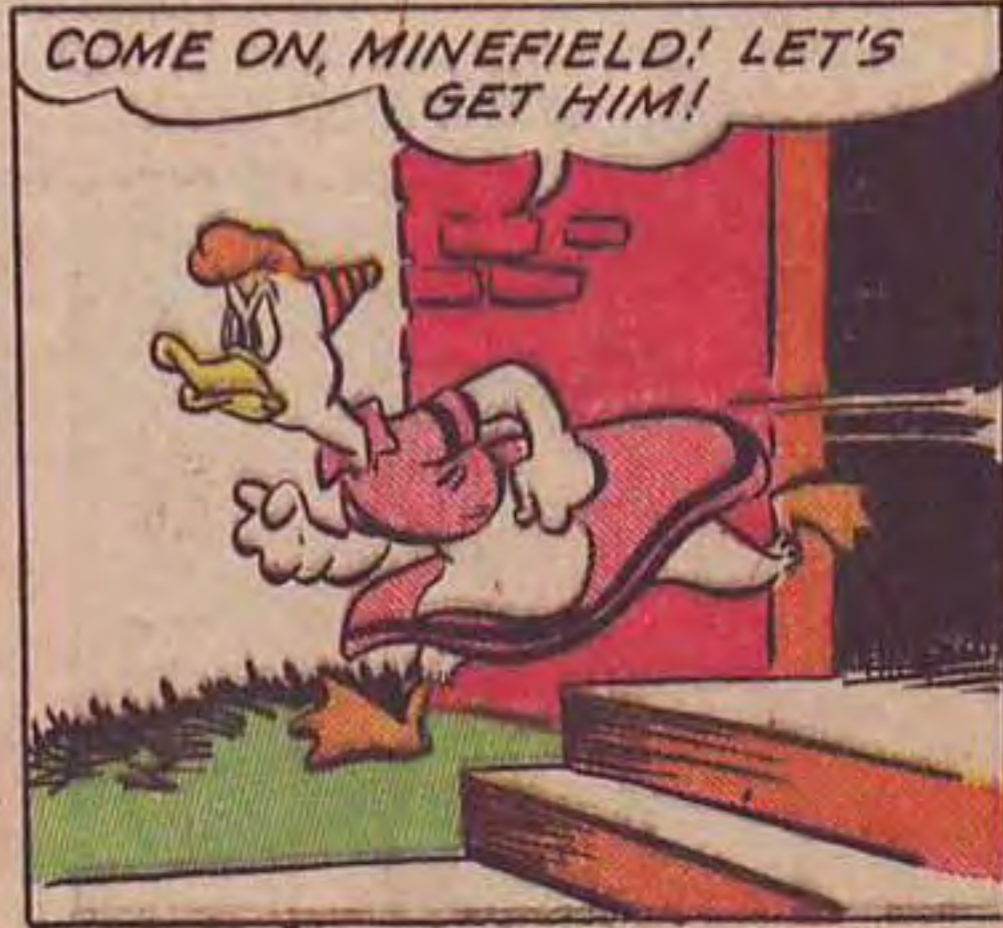
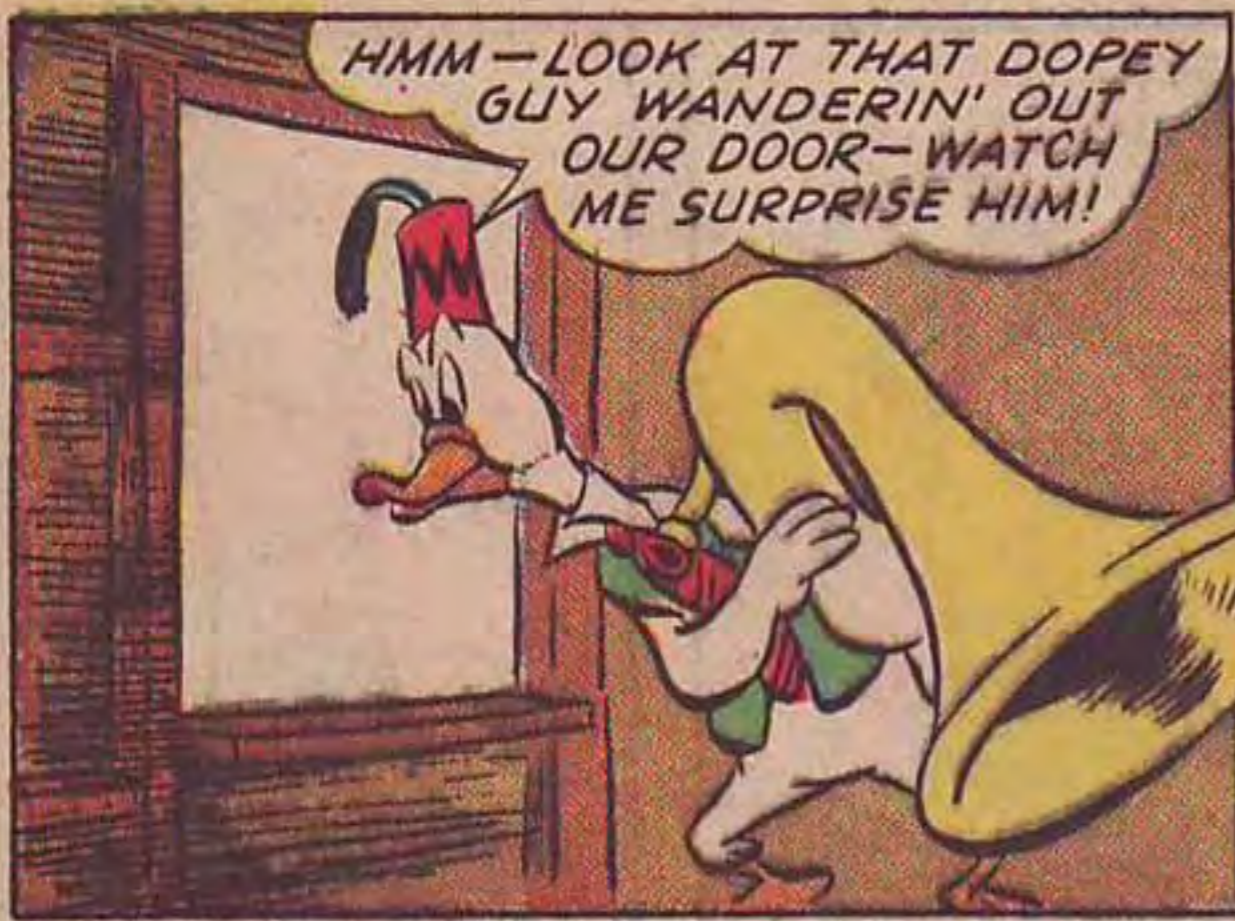
I WON'T STAND AROUND TO BE INSULTED!



JUST A MINUTE—I'LL GIVE FIVE DOLLARS FOR THIS.



GOOD DAY.





WAIT A MINUTE, CILLY, WHO ARE WE LOOKIN' FOR?

SLAM!



OH, SOME DOPE WHO GOES AROUND WITH FUNNY JUNK ON HIS HEAD

PHWOP!



WHY DON'T YOU SNEAK AROUND THAT WAY, MINEFIELD-UH-OOP-WHY! UH-THERE HE IS!



HALP! POLICE!



HMM-SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR SCOTLAND YARD

HELP!



YOU WANT ME TO TAKE HORN HEAD INTO CUSTODY, MISS CILLY?

YES, OFFICER TOM! THIS MAN IS A BAMBOOZLER!



COME ALONG QUIET OR I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT OF THAT TUBA.

NOW WHERE'S MINEFIELD?



ARE WE OUT OF SIGHT OF THE HOUSE, TOM?



I FIGGERED YOU WAS IN THERE, MINEFIELD... WHAT YOU DOIN', SNEAKIN' OUT TO PLAY PINOCHLE?

MORE OR LESS... WERE CLEANIN' HOUSE...



LET'S SEE IF THE BOYS AT THE FIREHOUSE HAVE A DECK OF CARDS-AN' LET ME TRY THAT THING NEXT.

HECTOR the HENPECKED ROOSTER

COPYRIGHT, 1945, FAMOUS STUDIOS

HEY, HECTOR!
WHERE YOU GOING
WITH THE NOOSE?

MY WIFE, BERTHA, TIED IT ON ME!
SHE TOLD ME WHAT TO GET
FROM THE STORE.

OH! AN' SHE
TIED THE
NOOSE TO
REMINDE YOU
WHAT TO GET.

NOT EXACTLY... SHE TIED IT
TO REMIND ME OF WHAT
I'D GET IF I FORGOT
WHAT TO GET.

IT'S A GOOD SYSTEM...
I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN
ONCE SINCE SHE
STARTED.

MARKET

GEE, THAT'S GOOD! WHEN DID YOU START?

JUST NOW.

A. DESTEFANO PROP.

OH, BOY! THAT GIVES
ME A SUSPICION—
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO GET AT
THE STORE, HECTOR?

HA! THAT'S EASY... A DOZEN
BUTTER, A BOTTLE OF BANANAS,
A POUND OF MILK, FOUR BAGS
OF VINEGAR AND A JAR
OF BREAD.

YOW! YOU'D
BETTER GET
SOMETHIN' FOR
A SORE THROAT,
TOO.

ET

OR WAS IT A BOTTLE
OF EGGS AND A
LOAF OF BANANAS?

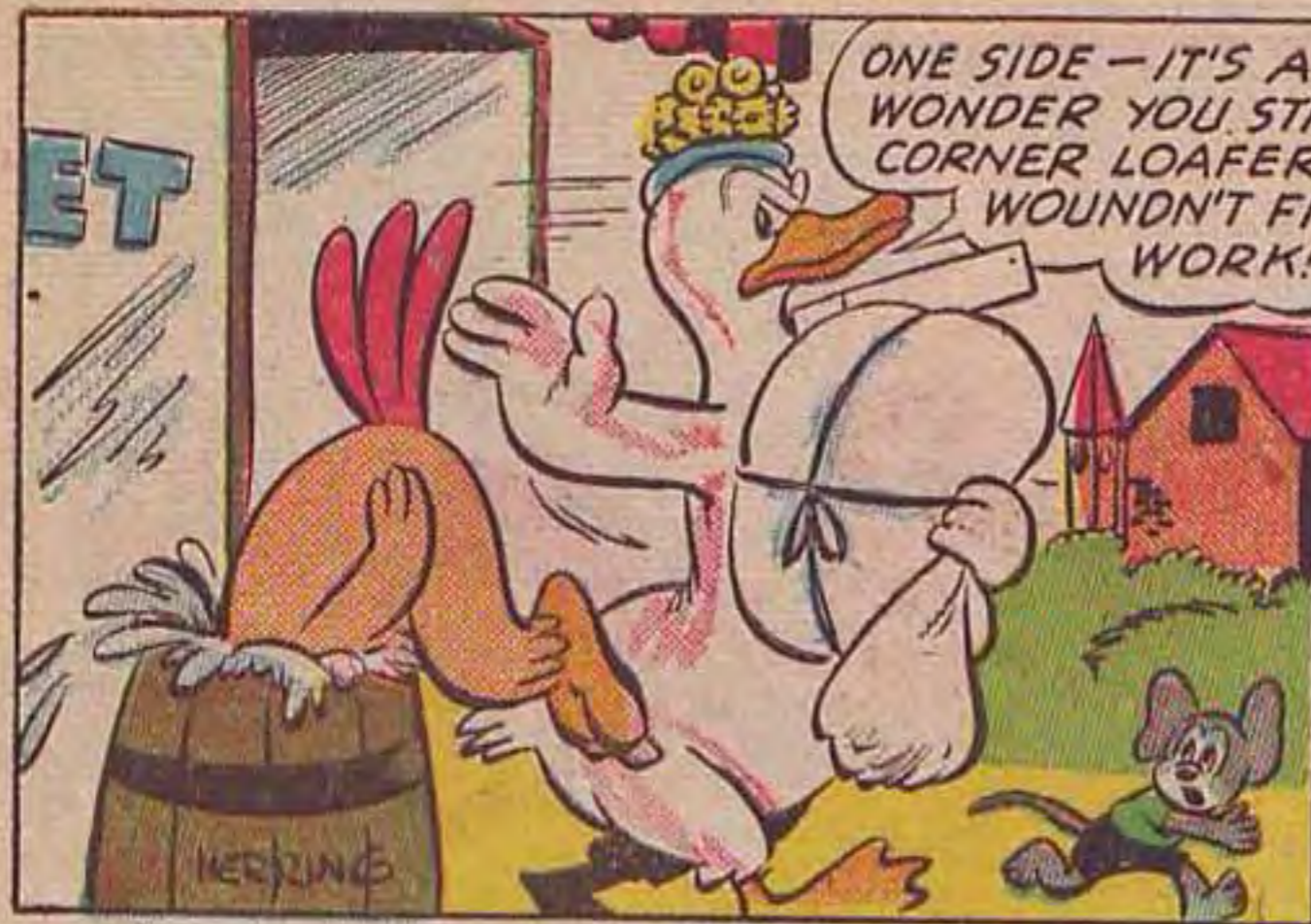
YOU
SURE
SHE
DIDN'T WANT
A GALLON OF
PRETZELS?

DESTEFANO
PROP.

A GALLON OF PRETZELS?
WELL, THAT'S A NEW
TWIST—HO-HO-HO-HO!

GIMME THAT
ROPE—YOUR
WIFE'S NOT
SO DUMB,
AT THAT.

HEY, LOOK
OUT, HECTOR!



ONE SIDE - IT'S A WONDER YOU STREET-CORNER LOAFERS WOUN'DN'T FIND WORK!



GOSH, THAT MRS. DUCK IS ROUGH!



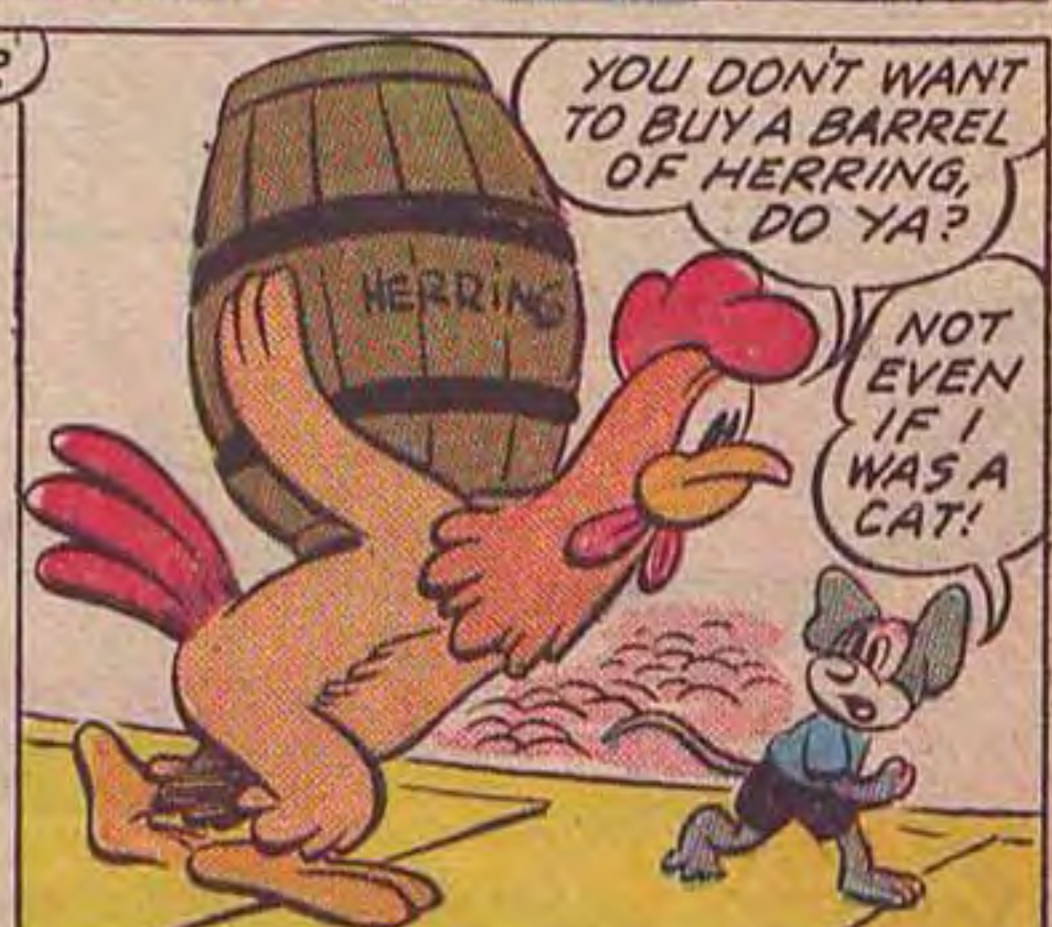
SEE HERE, HECTOR - YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY THAT BARREL OF HERRING! IT'LL COST YOU \$2.97.



GOLLY, MR. HACKLES, I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING IN MY POCKETS BUT FISH!



WELL, I'LL PUT IT ON YOUR BILL... NOW YOU GET IT OUT OF HERE, HEC!



YOU DON'T WANT TO BUY A BARREL OF HERRING, DO YA?

NOT EVEN IF I WAS A CAT!



PHOOIE - I'M TIRED OF CARRYIN' THIS THING... I'M GOING TO SET IT DOWN FOR A MINUTE.

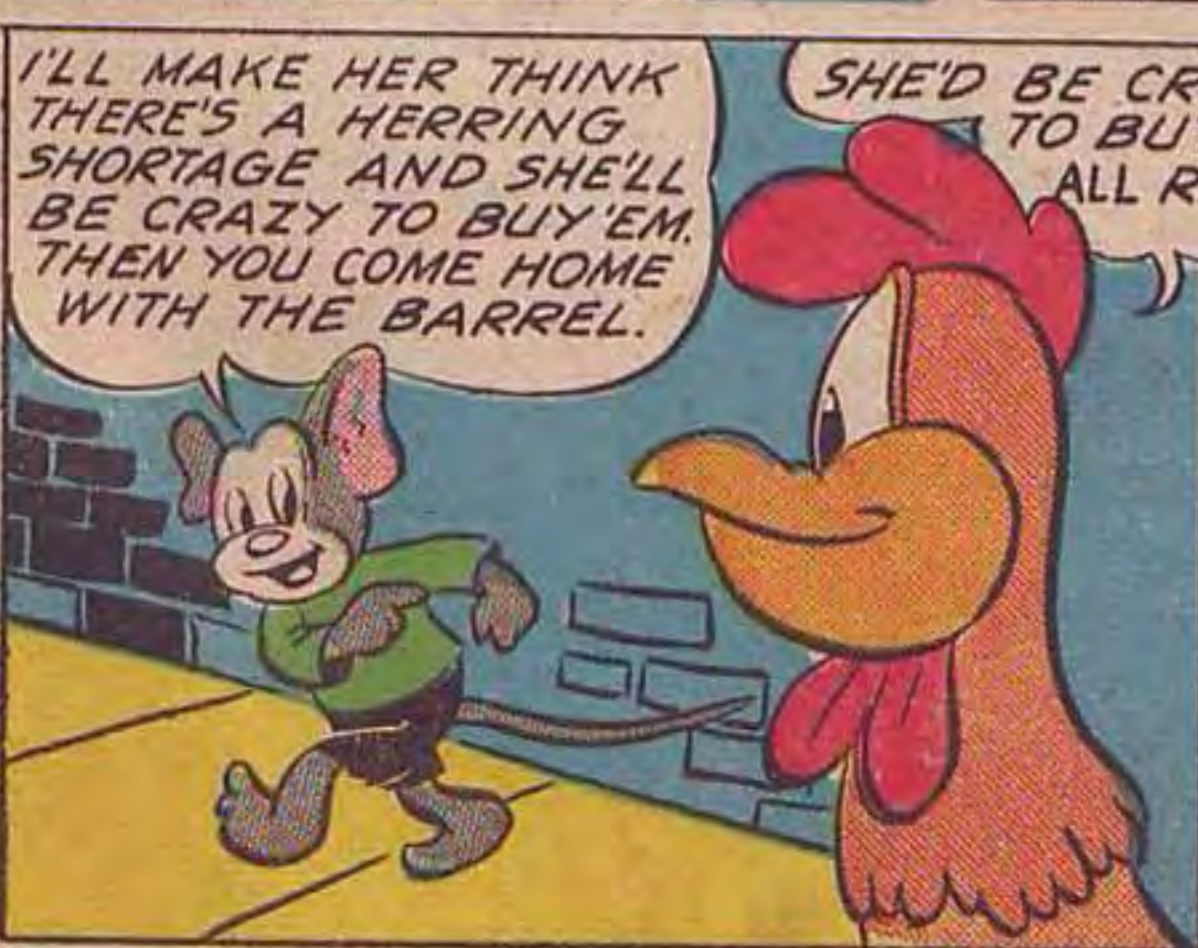


IF I BRING HOME THIS PARCEL OF SMELTS I'LL BE UP BLITZ-CREEK WITHOUT A PADDLE.

SAY, HECTOR...



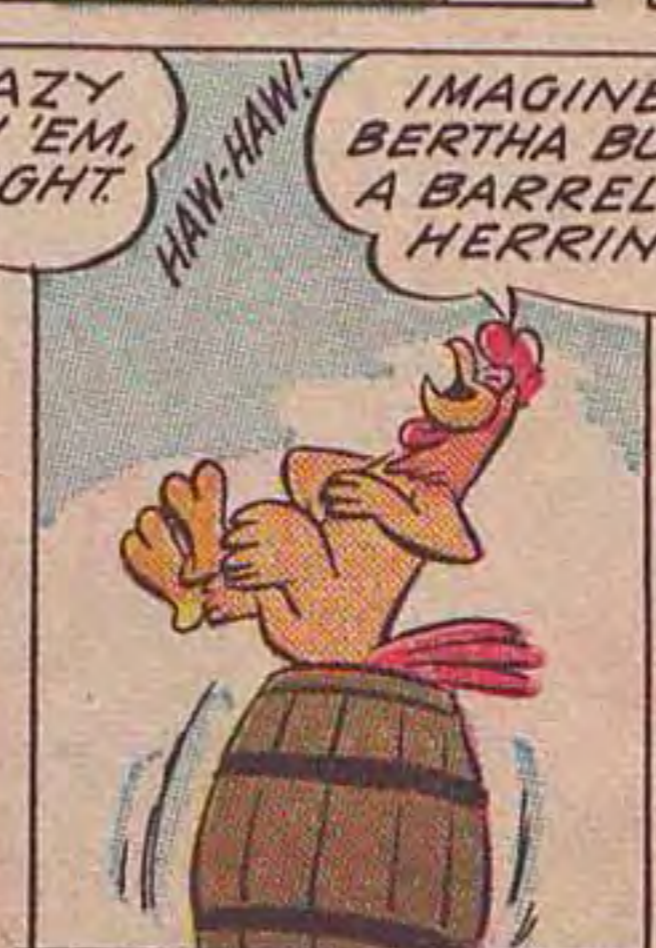
I'LL RUN AROUND TO YOUR HOUSE (IN A DISGUISE, OF COURSE) AND SELL BERTHA ON THE IDEA OF BUYING HERRINGS.



I'LL MAKE HER THINK THERE'S A HERRING SHORTAGE AND SHE'LL BE CRAZY TO BUY 'EM. THEN YOU COME HOME WITH THE BARREL.

SHE'D BE CRAZY TO BUY 'EM, ALL RIGHT.

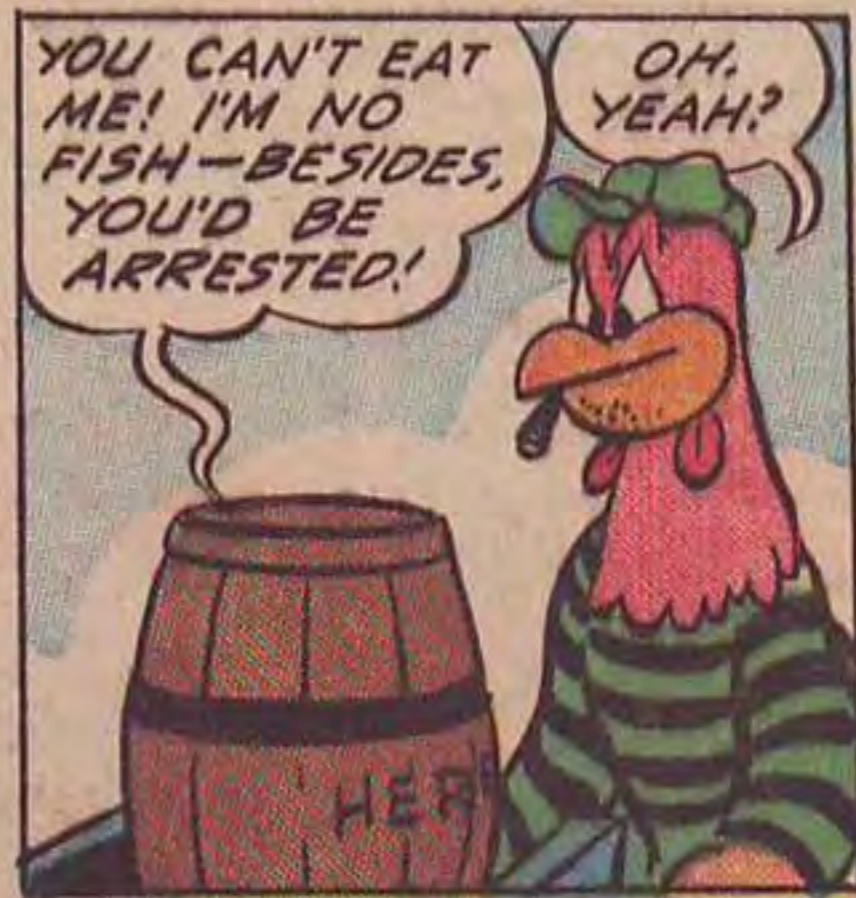
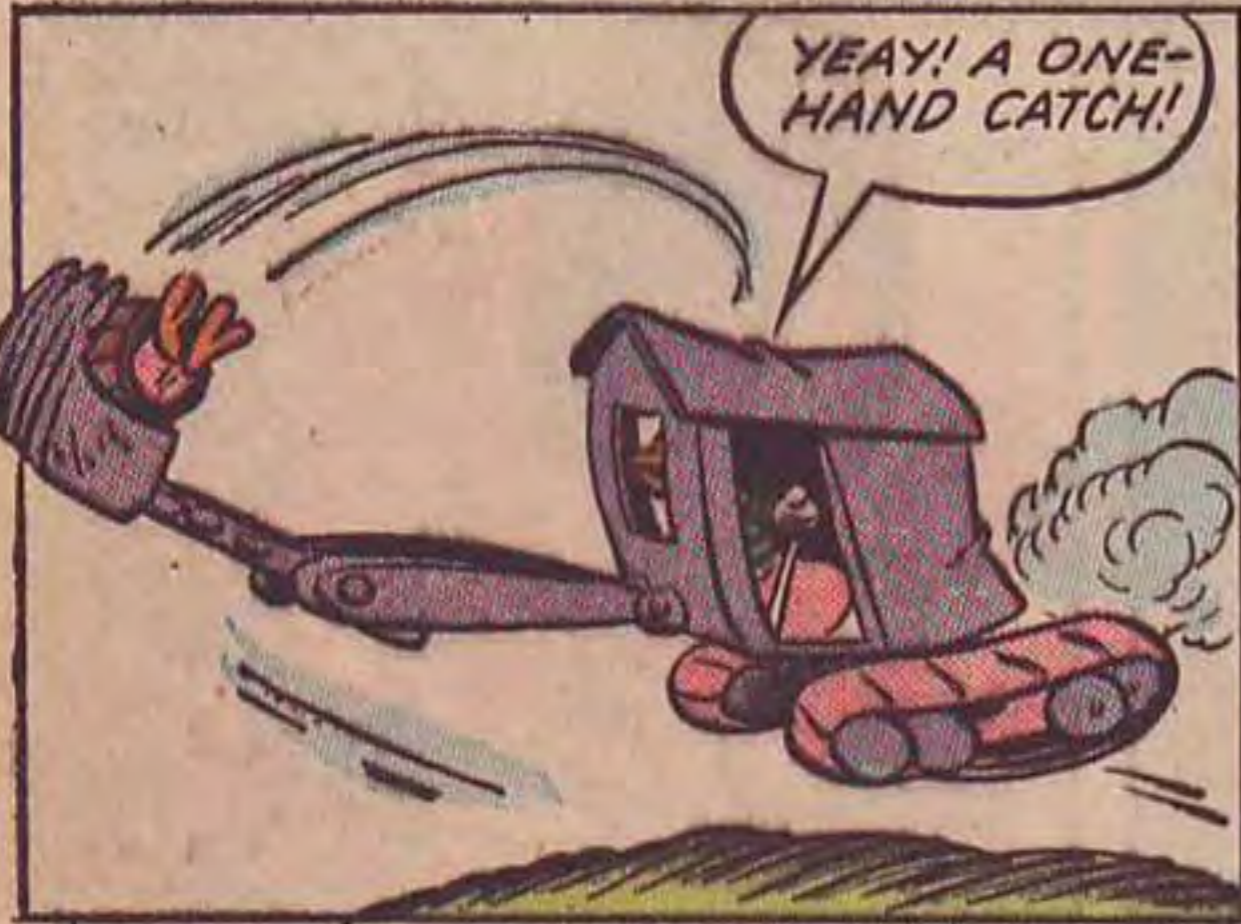
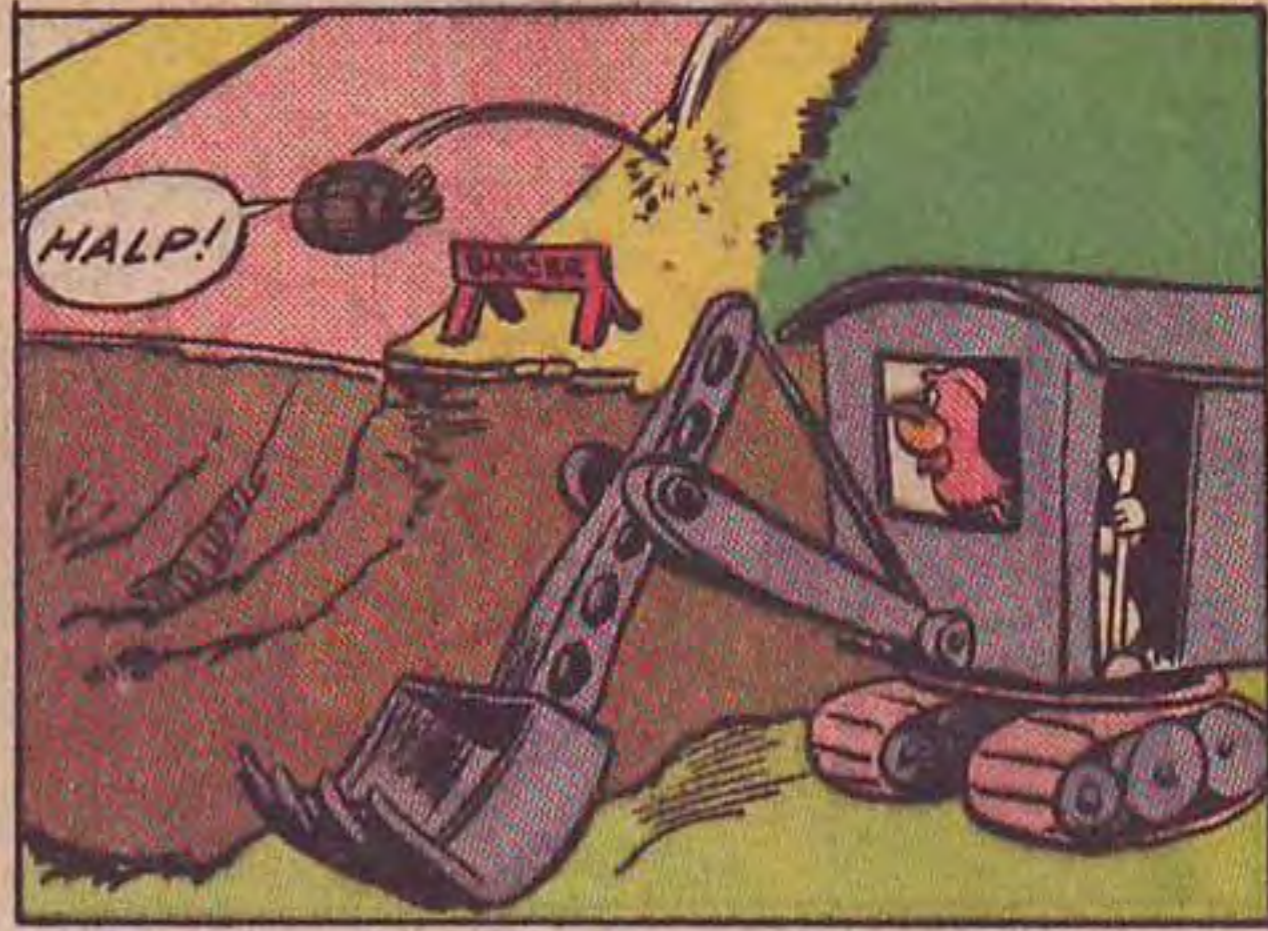
HAW-HAW!

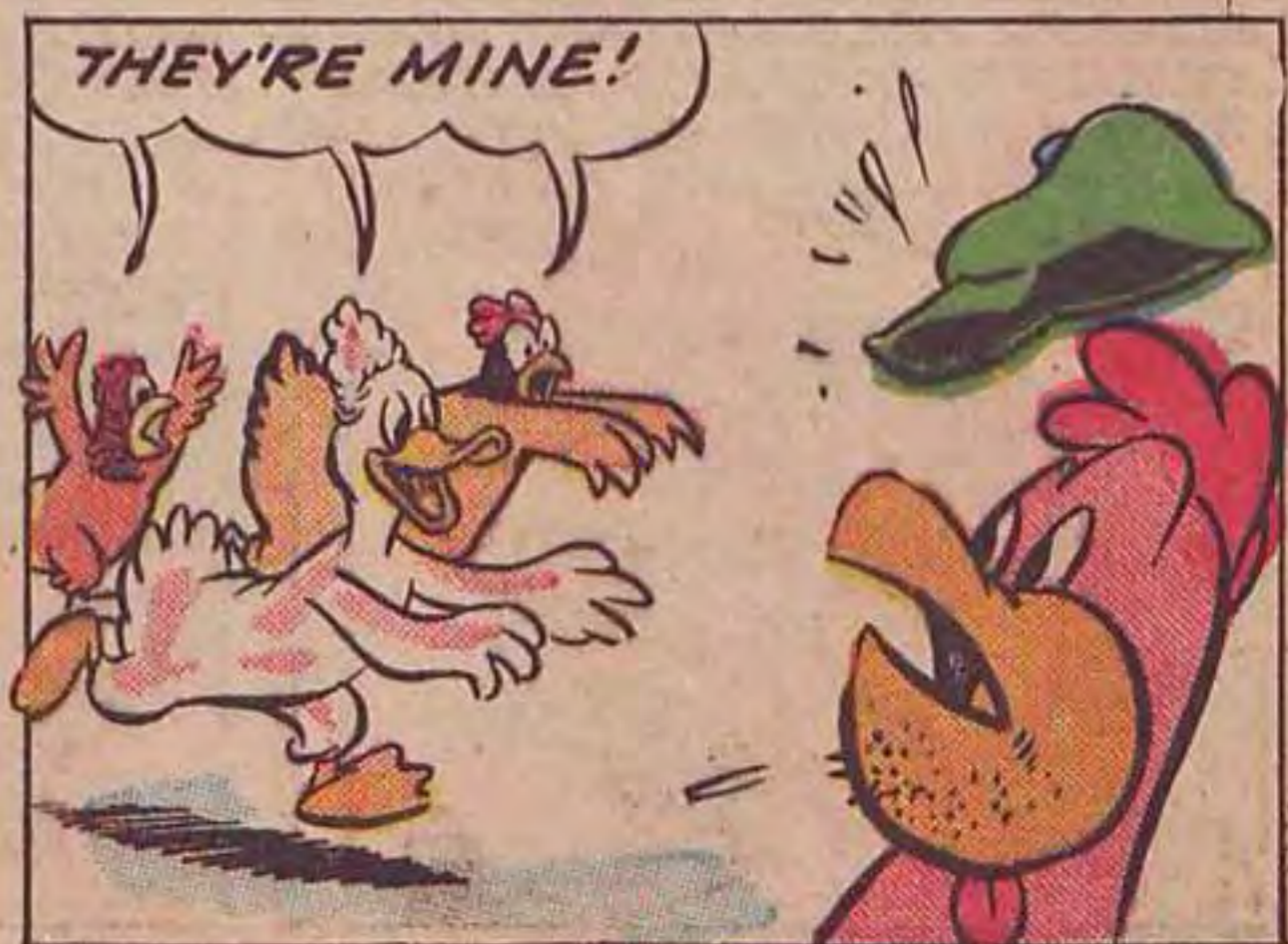


IMAGINE BERTHA BUYING A BARREL OF HERRING!



HALP!







I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE DOLLARS FOR THE BARREL!

I'LL GIVE FIFTEEN!

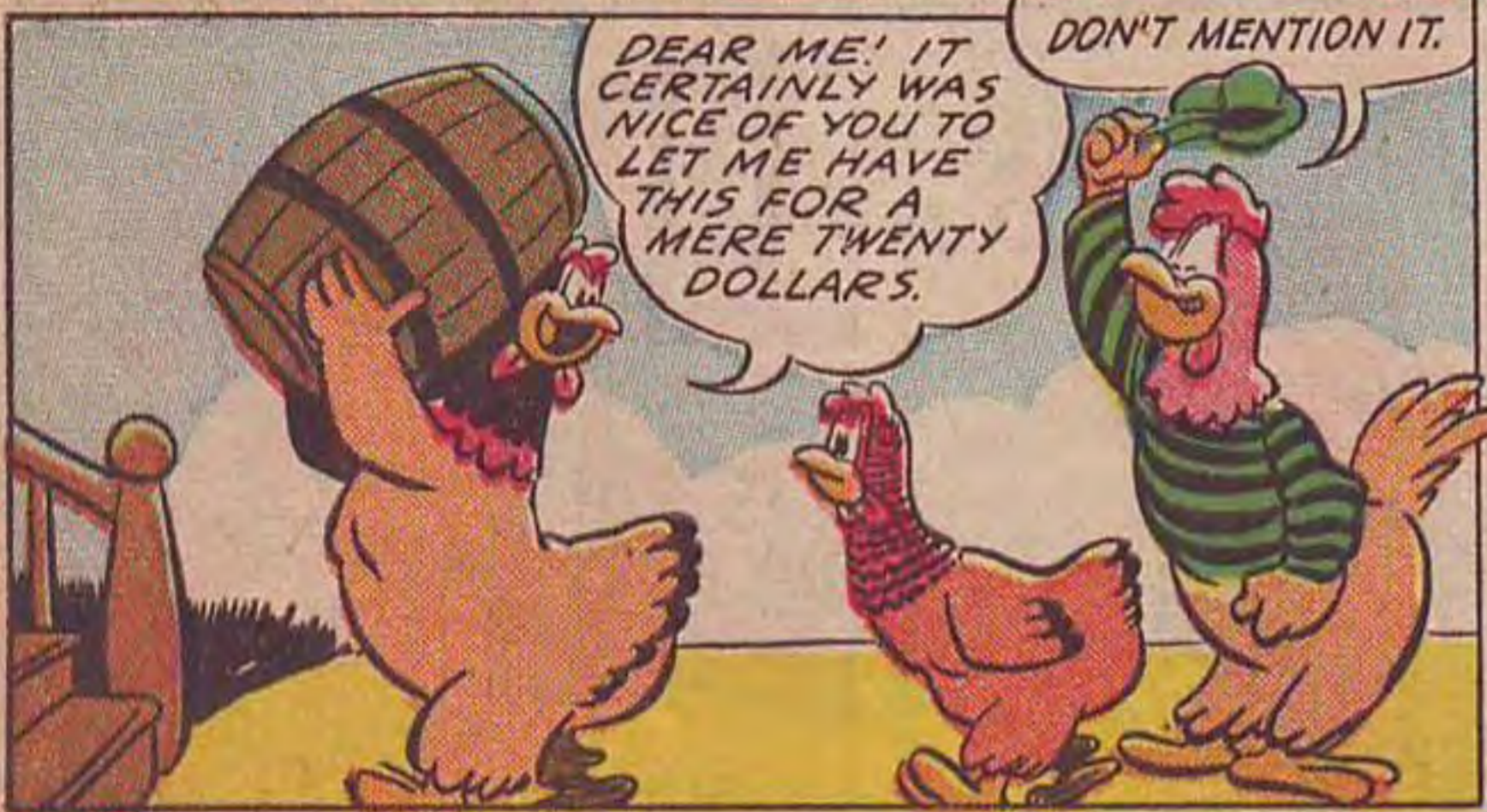
I'LL GIVE TWENTY!

WELL, WELL! LADIES, DIS IS EXTREMELY GRATIFYIN'!

I'LL GIVE TEN!



EENIE, MEENIE, MINIE, MO - WIDOUT FEAR OR FAVOR, I CHOOSE DE DAME WIT' DE TWENTY BUCKS.



DEAR ME! IT CERTAINLY WAS NICE OF YOU TO LET ME HAVE THIS FOR A MERE TWENTY DOLLARS.

DON'T MENTION IT.



OH BOY! IF YOU PAID TWENTY BUCKS YOU SURE GOT STUCK! MR. HACKLES AT THE GROCERY ONLY CHARGES \$2.96!

YEOWP!



THE BARREL OF HERRING IS TALKING!



IT WAS ONLY ME TALKING, AND NOW I'M OUT OF HERRING SO YOU WON'T HEAR ME.



WHAT!? DO YOU MEAN I PAID TWENTY DOLLARS FOR YOU AND THREE DOLLARS WORTH OF FISH?



BOY! I'M GLAD I DIDN'T BUY SWORD FISH - SHE'D BE MEAN WITH A HARPOON!



WAIT, HONEY! ONE QUESTION, PLEASE.

WHAT?



DID YOU SEND ME TO THE STORE FOR A DOZEN SUGAR OR A QUART OF DOUGHNUTS?



(Continued from inside front cover)

Ahead of him lay a fallen tree. It had broken off its stump in a recent wind, and the dead, hollow trunk was just big enough for a little bear to squeeze inside.

Teddy squeezed till he could go no farther. Mrs. Woodpecker could not reach him inside the log. After a while her scolding faded away. Teddy Bruin started to back out. A sweet, delicious smell had reached his nostrils . . .

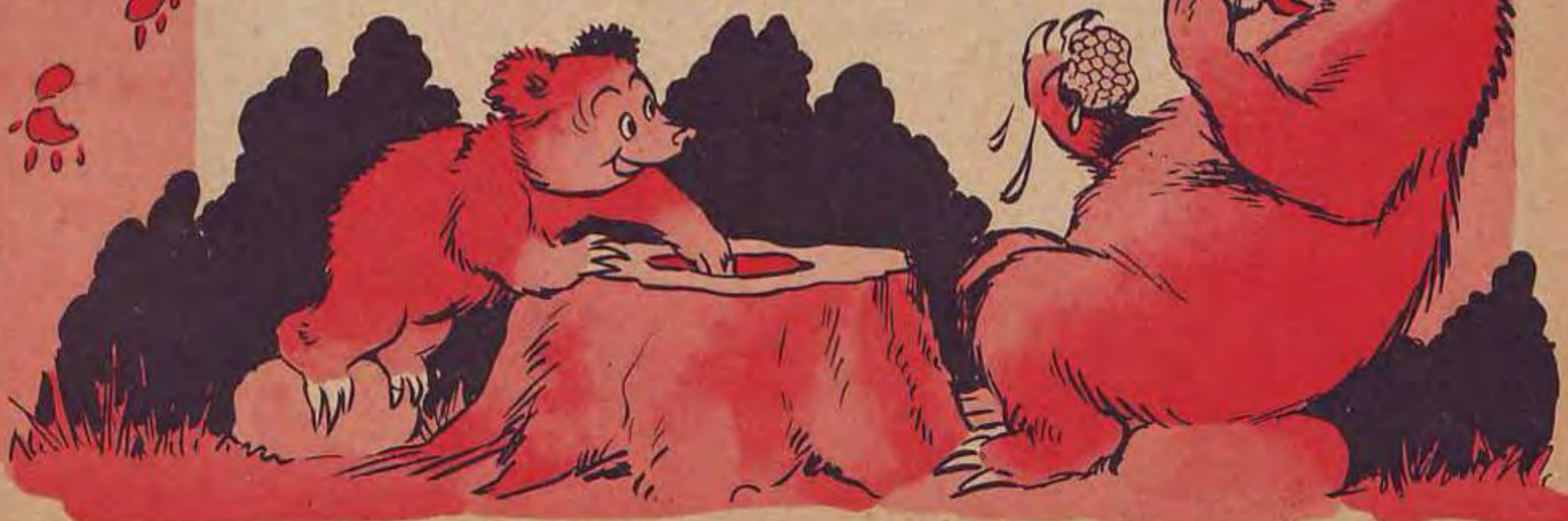
All of a sudden he found he was stuck. He could not go forward or back.

"He-e-elp!" he wailed, in real fright.

There was no answer, except a far-away buzzing. Teddy cried and screamed until he was hoarse. Just as he was giving up all-hope of being found, he heard a wonderful sound. Strong, sharp claws were ripping at the wall of his prison. With a last loud crack the hollow log fell apart.

"So THAT'S why you didn't answer me!" laughed Mother Bruin, paying no attention to the angry bees that tried to sting through her thick fur. "You found a bee-tree and thought you'd have it all to yourself. Ho, ho, ho! Come and taste this honey. I guess you've been punished enough, Teddy Bruin."

This time Teddy needed no second call. And the honey tasted so awfully good that he quite forgot to explain how he had found it.



elephunnies

